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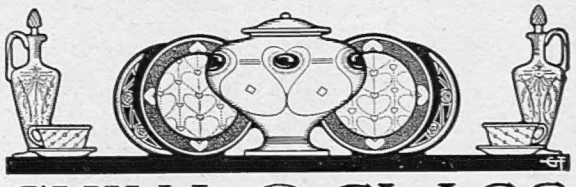

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*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

*"May the Franco-British Exhibition encourage rivalry and stimulate interchange of ideas, strengthen the brotherhood of nations, and in so doing help on the work of civilization, and promote peace and prosperity throughout the world."*
—THE PRINCE'S SPEECH

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES DECLARE OPEN THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

No. 233.—Vol. XVIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES


The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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"Manures for Fruit and Other Trees." By A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D. (Sutton: 7s. 6d. net.)
"Songs from the Downs and Dunes." By Habberton Lalham. (Kegan, Paul: 3s. 6d. net.)
"*Daily Mail* Year Book of Churches, 1908." (6d. net.)
"Stories by Hoffman." "Stories by Gautier." "The World's Story Tellers" Series. Edited by Arthur Ransome. (Black: 1s. net each.)
"Never Say Die." By the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch. (Collier: 6s.)
*The Albany Review.* Edited by C. R. Buxton. May, 1908. (2s. 6d. net.)
"Speeches by the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." (*Times* extracts: 1s. 6d. net.)
"Tchaikovsky: His Life and Work." By Rosa Newmarch. (Reeves.)
"Rock-climbing in Skye." By Ashley P. Abraham. (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net.)
"Two in the Dark." By George P. Magnus. (Ouseley: 1s.)
"Thirteen Nights." By Olive C. Malvery. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d. net.)
"A Noble Vagabond." By Milton Pollitt. (Ouseley: 3s. 6d.)
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# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

### The King at Chester

Despite the weather, which, as usual, left everything to be desired, it was a record meeting which assembled at Chester last week in honour of the races and the King. Led by the Duchess of Westminster, the ladies of the ducal party all wore their very best frocks; the county enclosure was filled with a damp but picked selection of Cheshire's youth and rank and beauty, and the crowded humanity which swarmed around the course seemed happily oblivious to rain and mud. In Chester itself, especially on Friday, when his Majesty motored through the city in the rain on his way to Hawarden, Union Jacks and other decorations were displayed from every ancient, gabled house, the centuries-old black oak with which some of the houses are timbered proving a most effective background.

*Photo* *Sport and General*

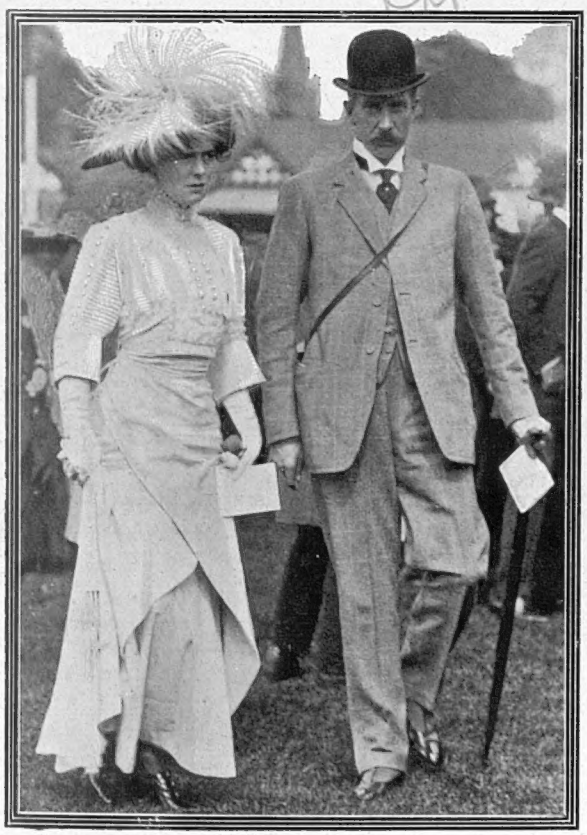
**The King at Chester**

His Majesty arriving at the stands with his host, the Duke of Westminster

* * *

### La Directoire at Newmarket

The Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket is generally considered to be the jumping-off ground, so to speak, for the fashions of the ensuing year. Unlike Longchamp, however, Newmarket is not the place where, arrayed in the very latest cry, the *mannequin* from Worth or Paquin may display herself for the general delectation. The ultra-Directoire costume which caused such a sensation on the Paris racecourse last week will doubtless be conspicuous chiefly



*Photos*

**Lord Sefton (with a Lady Wearing the Directoire Skirt)**

*Illustrations Bureau*

**Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew**

**SOCIETY AT THE CHESTER RACES**

Though the weather did its best to spoil everything at the Chester Meeting, there were record attendances, especially on Cup Day, when, it was estimated, nearly 60,000 people witnessed Lord Derby's Glacis win the Cup. A few fitful gleams of sun, however, gave some opportunities for costume display, which is such an essential part of the proceedings. The critics were afforded only one—and that an Anglicised—example of the notorious Directoire skirt, which, after all, did not appear so very striking

# Much Ado About—Very Little!

by its absence at Newmarket next week. The Parisienne, of course, does she but set her mind to it, can wear *anything*—a rose, a pair of gauzy wings, a Grecian tunic. The Englishwoman, somehow, is not built that way. She lacks the necessary subtlety and finesse, and on her the Directoire costume, helped out with a race-card and a pair of glasses looks absurd.

* * *

**Colds, Coughs, and Anklets**

In the Directoire period, between the Revolution and the Empire, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, women never walked. They rode, or drove, or lolled about on long straight Grecian sofas, and wore so little that they appeared in a constant state of charming *déshabillé*. They wore no underclothes. It was impossible. And they died like flies. It was inevitable. A long, tight-fitting tunic of softest muslin formed the outer robe. A wax-tight shield of flesh-coloured silk encased the body—*et voila tout!* No stays, no lingerie, no frills, no anything—except, perhaps, a plethora of colds and chills, and a form of consumption picturesquely designated a decline! The tunic, I should add, was slit up on the left side to disclose a sandal and a jewelled anklet. No one thought of wearing stockings. There was nothing with which to keep them up.

* * *

**The Entente Exhibition**

The Prince and Princess of Wales, in pouring rain, graciously opened the Franco-British Exhibition last Thursday. I ascertained the fact from the evening papers when, wet, cross, cold, tired, muddy, and dishevelled, a taxi duly deposited me on my own doorstep as soon as possible after the event. It was really a memorable experience. The enormous crowds alone made it that. But one also experienced the thought that one was "assisting at" one of the most remarkable events of the day. For is not the Franco-British the biggest thing of its kind ever known? Of course, the Exhibition was not complete on the opening day. Exhibitions never are. Why? It is one of the things that are not done—and that is all there is to be said. But there was more of this exhibition open on the opening day than there has ever been before in exhibition history. It was a consolation to know this last Thursday, and I was proud to know that actually one quarter of it was ready for me to see. I should have seen it, too, but for the rain. Though the exhibition is Franco-British, the weather was wholly British, and I had no heart to go about strengthening the brotherhood of nations—with a cold in my nose!

*Photo* *Park*

**L'Affaire Directoire: One of the Four Wicked Midinettes who have Shocked—Paris!**

The Longchamp dress sensation is something of a puzzle. Were the ladies expelled on account of the dresses or the dresses on account of the ladies? We leave the question to the moralists of Paris, who, it is interesting to note, agree with the artists, dressmakers and police inspectors, that the sensational gowns in which the daring midinettes exhibited themselves at the races are not so very shocking as that absurd antiquity, Mrs. Grundy, takes it upon herself to think. Reflection: "*Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense!*"

* * *

**The Visit of M. Fallières**

The French President arrives in London on Monday. He comes, let us hope, in first-class fighting trim, for a long succession of Lucullan feasts has been arranged for him, and not one single item of the conventional procession of events—state banquets, receptions, suppers, civic luncheons, gala nights—is to be omitted. It is good for all concerned that the ordeal is of so short duration. For M. Fallières is such a simple old gentleman. It taxes the whole strength of his gentle courtesy when the course of stately magnificence becomes too prolonged and too protracted. He comes of good *bourgeois* stock, and loves not pageantry. He is anything but a Felix Faure *redivivus*. But he has the kindest heart of any man in France, and, remembering always that, "but for the grace of God, I, too," etc., is at his gentlest and kindliest and cheeriest when signs of an obvious struggle for existence come under his notice.

* * *

**The Opera**

There is to be a gala performance at the Opera, of course. And I forget how many hundreds of pounds are to be spent on flowers alone. The garden scene from *Faust* and Act I. of *Il Pescatori de Perle* are to be performed, and "everyone," of course, will be present. It is rather interesting, by the way, to note how radically opera fashions are changing. Lady Charles Beresford is quite endearing us to the Continental manner of wearing a hat with evening dress at the opera. Lady de Grey, always a picturesque opera-goer, has started the fashion of a high dress and long sleeves, and Mrs. Hwfa Williams—according to the Paris "Beau Brummel" the best-dressed woman in London—also wears high frocks.

*Our Artist waxes optimistic as to the degree of cordiality likely to be reached by this year's Exhibition Entente*

(By F. Gillett)

# Sunshine and Crowd at Kempton

**A Fine Week-end**

Seventy-three in the shade last Sunday ! For the week-end all London took its pleasure out of doors. At Ranelagh and Hurlingham, though the ground was still too damp for polo, the bands were playing, and the gardens are just at the height of their exquisite beauty, while at Kempton Park, for the Jubilee Stakes on Saturday, a record crowd collected. From the racing point of view it was not exciting. Hayden's victory roused little enthusiasm, but it was ideal weather for racecourse dalliance. The King and Prince Christian were present ; the chestnut and lilac trees round the course were bursting into bloom almost under our eyes, and the gowns, though the damp "going" and the rain on Friday necessitated the severe variety, were decidedly smart.

*Photo* *Sport and General*

**To See the "Jubilee" : Coming Out of the Members' Enclosure**

At Kempton the King headed a fashionable throng to see the Jubilee Stakes run, and as the race is nearly as popular as the Derby itself, almost every well-known *habitué* of the Turf was there. Kempton is always socially splendid, partly because the place harmonises so charmingly with pretty dresses

* * *

**Kempton Frocks**

Almost without exception, and quite regardless of whether or not it became her, every woman at Kempton wore the ubiquitous Elizabethan ruffle which tyrant Fashion demands. The Marquise d'Hautpool and her sister, Mrs. Edward Stonor, in the Royal stand with the King, were both in dark blue serge ; Mrs. George Keppel was a noticeable figure in Parma violet, her huge green hat decorated with a multitude of pinkish ostrich feathers shading to brown ; Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Wolverton, in the newest Parisian "lamp-shade" hat, Lady Aylesford, Lady Sybil Grant. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, were some of the many well-known women in tailor gowns. A few ladies were attired in white, their white shoes showing obvious traces of the paddock and of Friday's mud, and several Frenchwomen wore the new "pale ale" shade, which, though the "latest cry," is neither becoming nor pretty. The King wore his favourite brown bowler hat with a tweed suit.

* * *

**A Crowded Week**

For the King and Queen this is the first busy week of the season. The King has gone to Newmarket as usual, but on Monday, accompanied by the Queen, he paid a visit of inspection to Aldershot, and on Thursday night, on his return from racing, he will also be accompanied by her Majesty when he dines with Lord and Lady Dudley in Carlton Gardens. On Friday, the last Court of the season will be held at Buckingham Palace, and on Saturday their Majesties and the Prince of Wales will inspect the Duke of York's Schools at Chelsea, while next week there is a whole procession of events in honour of M. Fallières, who arrives in London on Monday.

* * *

**Prix Tetrazzini?**

The news that the *chef* at the Ritz, after the pattern of "Pêche Melba," is preparing a something Tetrazzini will prove of interest to those opera-goers whose favourite conversation just now consists of a discussion as to the rival merits and salaries of the two singers. Mme. Melba, we know, gets £240 a night, and La Tetrazzini something very like it. But even when the new *prima donna* gets a sweet named after her, the combined fees of both old and new will fade into insignificance when one remembers the American £1,200 a night, money down, which Patti, at the height of her

# L'ENTENTE COR-DIA(B)LE!

## THE GREAT EXHIBITION DAMPLY OPENED

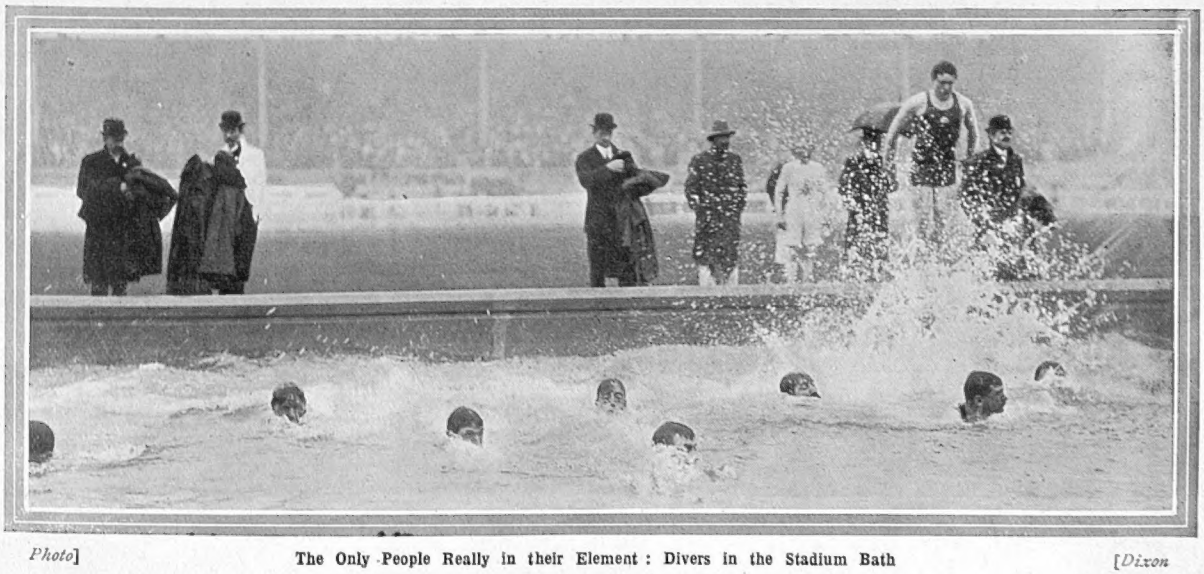
*Photos* *Illustrations Bureau and L. N. A.*

**The Prince, in a few well-chosen words about Empire, brotherhood, peace, and prosperity, declares it open**

**"ENGLAND'S MAY GREETS YOU!"**
—DUKE OF ARGYLL

**Mme. Albani sings the National Anthem, to the accompaniment of Sir C. Villiers Stanford**

The state of the weather induced those who were present at the Inaugural Ceremony to appreciate the poignant humour of the Duke of Argyll's Ode, which contained the words, "Comrades all, England's May greets you!"



*Photo]* **The Only People Really in their Element: Divers in the Stadium Bath** *[Dixon*

# The Child on the Stage

*Photo* *Graphic Photo Union*

**"Honest John's" Successor**

Mr. Robert V. Harcourt, returned by the faithful Liberals of Montrose, is a younger brother of "Lulu" Harcourt, the popular First Commissioner of Works. He is thirty. Two years ago he took to journalism, joined the staff of the now defunct *Tribune*, and acted as its special correspondent and critic of the drama. He is author of the comedy, *An Angel Unawares*

lengthy fame demanded. Talking of sweets, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild is one of the few opera-goers who, when ladies are his guests, preserves the Victorian custom of providing sugary sustenance. Just as a bouquet on the ledge of a box at the theatre is a sign to the populace at large that a Royal lady is to be present, so a huge and be-ribboned box of bon-bons on the edge of Mr. Rothschild's stage-box at Covent Garden is proof positive that he expects a party of ladies.

* *

**The Cult of the Child**

Youthful Society brought its mothers, though not, in any abundance, its fathers, to Claridge's the other day to see Miss Elizabeth Asquith and Miss Felicity Tree take leading parts in the playlet, *The Three Wishes*. The Prime Minister's daughter was a great success—not in the least nervous—and the Misses Felicity and Iris Tree proved worthy chips of the elder blocks. Lady Betty Hay, the dainty, fair-haired daughter of Lord and Lady Kinnoull, made an enchanting dove in the animal scene, and Major Sir Alexander Bannerman was a screaming success as a creepily realistic, roaring lion. The play was so successful, and the rooms so crowded, that two performances were given, and the proceedings terminated with a dance.

* * *

**The Member for Montrose**

The announcement that, under the auspices of the proprietors of the *Westminster Gazette*, yet another attempt is to be made to establish a penny Liberal morning paper, reminds one that Mr. R. V. Harcourt, who is a versatile man, was for some time on the staff of the ill-fated *Tribune*. Son of the late Sir William Harcourt, grandson of Mr. J. L. Motley, historian and United States Minister in London, and brother of the popular "Lulu," Mr. Harcourt, in common with not a few distinguished men of the day, deserted the plodding path of diplomacy for the more exhilarating realms of journalism. He acted as special correspondent to the *Tribune* during the last General Election, and subsequently became its Parliamentary correspondent and dramatic critic. He has himself tried a hand at play-writing; and made with Montrose his third venture into politics, having unsuccessfully contested Mile End at the L.C.C. election last year, and having, also unsuccessfully, opposed Mr. Du Cros at the Hastings by-election. He is tall, fair, and distinctly debonair; wears a single eyeglass with an air of rather attractive superciliousness, and is always most carefully turned out.

* * *

**More Elections**

Despite Shropshire's verdict for the Conservative, by a majority of nearly one thousand, the Scottish elections have certainly shown that the "flowing tide" has not yet passed over the Border. The Radicals are, therefore, by no means so down-hearted as they were after Manchester and Wolverhampton. It is really most interesting to note how glad the Government Press is if by any chance they manage

MISS ASQUITH MISS TREE

*Photo* *London Stereoscopic Co.*

**Child Players at Claridge's**

Miss Elizabeth Asquith, daughter of the Prime Minister, and Miss Felicity Tree, daughter of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, were the two "leading ladies" in Mrs. Walter Cave's charming little fairy-play fantasy, *The Three Wishes*, played by children at the Countess of Ancaster's Fête at Claridge's in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Prime Minister's daughter played the "Fairy Godmother" and Mr. Tree's little Felicity the "Child." Among a host of well-known people in the audience were Princess Alexander of Teck, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt, and Mrs. and Miss Viola Tree

# The Hostess of the Week

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

THE HON. MRS. IVOR GUEST, WHO ENTERTAINED THE PREMIER AT WIMBORNE HOUSE ON FRIDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Guest's dinner-party and reception at Wimborne House to meet the Prime Minister was on the same night as the Court, Friday. Mrs. Guest is a prominent Liberal hostess this season, and Wimborne House, which has been redecorated throughout, will be a charming social centre

# Two Diplomats Who Are Leaving Us

to keep a seat anywhere. They ignore, with the most delicious impudence, a long succession of defeats—Mid-Devon, Hereford, Peckham, Manchester, etc., etc.—if by any chance a Liberal scrapes in with any kind of majority. I notice also that a Liberal victory is invariably hailed as a Free Trade triumph. Never, however, will they concede that a win for the other side is by any chance a Tariff Reform triumph. Oh dear, no! It is Beer, glorious Beer, if the Tory gets in, or mere local interests, or the Suffragettes, or the Coal Consumers' League. But, then, if it were not for these delightful inconsistencies politics would not be worth while troubling one's self about.

*Photo* *Lafayette*

**M. Metaxas**

The popular Greek Minister in London, who has been transferred to Rome

*Photo, Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

**M. de Bille**

Who has been eighteen years Danish Minister at St. James's, and is now retiring

POPULAR MINISTERS WHO ARE LEAVING ENGLAND

* * *

**A New Liberal Hostess**

The Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest, whose dinner and reception to the Prime Minister was the political social event of last week, is the daughter of Lord Ebury, for long known as "Beau Grosvenor," and of a daughter of the first Lord Annaly, at one time considered the most beautiful woman in England. Mr. Guest, too, has a beauty record to live up to, for he is the direct descendant of "handsome John Churchill," whose literary and political ambitions he has inherited. Up to the present, Mrs. Guest has not, except in a purely social fashion at Ashley St. Legers, done very much in the way of entertaining. This year, however, as Lord and Lady Wimborne will be at Barnes, it is probable she will prove one of the most prominent Liberal hostesses of the season.

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**Two Deserting Diplomats**

The retirement of M. de Bille, Danish Minister to the Court of St. James, and the transference of M. Metaxas, the Greek Minister, from London to Rome, will create a blank in diplomatic circles not easy adequately to fill. M. de Bille, in his eighteen years at St. James's, has become the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique. He is now seventy-six, and, finding increasing duties fall rather heavily upon increasing years, is retiring, to everybody's regret, on the score of health. Like Count Mensdorff and the Marquis de Soveral, whom their Majesties above all others delight to honour, M. de Bille has been exceptionally favoured with the intimate friendship of both the King and Queen. By the transference of M. Metaxas, the Corps Diplomatique loses one of its most popular members. He was the first Greek Minister to be appointed to London, and he will be succeeded by M. Athos Romanos, twice Foreign Minister for Greece.

**The Earl of Clancarty**

A popular Irish landlord. He is a widower, with four children, his late wife having been originally known to fame as "Belle Bilton"

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**An Irish Landlord—**

Unlike his cousin, Lord Ashtown, the Earl of Clancarty has not, as yet at any rate, begun to take himself too desperately seriously as landlord. His interests are mainly those of the sportsman and *bon vivant*. He purchases peace by the simple and delightful expedient of giving his tenants practically what they ask. And, for much of the cattle-driving and other land troubles of Ireland, he blames not the graziers or the landlords, but simply and solely the Government, whose dilatory methods of carrying out the Irish Land Purchase Act have rendered that measure almost an impossibility, and proved it detrimental to landlords and tenants alike.

* * *

**—And His Neighbours**

Lord Clancarty belongs to that trinity of Galway landlords—himself, Lord Ashtown, and Lord Clanricarde—whose seats are almost adjoining, yet whose methods of dealing with their tenants and responsibilities are as different as the proverbial chalk from cheese. Lord Clanricarde is an absentee landlord; Lord Clancarty, a resident, and popular, one; and Lord Ashtown a strenuous upholder—and sometimes obtainer—of his feudal rights. Lord Clancarty, by his descent from Richard, Lord Clancarty, Ambassador to the Hague, is Marquis of Heusden in the Netherlands. He has four children, and is a widower, Lady Clancarty, who was Miss Belle Bilton, having died last year.

* * *

**A Forthcoming Irish Law Suit**

Hunting people in the South of Ireland are considerably interested in an action for alleged libel which, unless a settlement is arrived at, will shortly be brought against a baronet well-known in the Duhallow country and in the cricket-field. The plaintiff was formerly a Gentleman-at-Large in the Viceregal Household—during the Duke of Marlborough's

# Two Indian Grandees in London

term of office as Lord-Lieutenant. The alleged libel consists of some very strong accusations, for which £3,000 damages are claimed, and the witnesses will consist of many gentlemen more at home in the hunting-field than in the witness-box. Distinguished counsel have been retained, and it is hoped that the costly proceedings contemplated will, if they do not end, at least mend the long-standing feud between the parties.

* * *

**Ephemera Critica**

*(Opinions differ as to this year's Royal Academy, as will be seen from these fragments of criticism taken (not quite verbatim) from an American and a French paper.)*

**From America**

The Academy's not great. Herkomer's minstrel troupe —Poynter, as centerman, asking a riddle—is the only thing you can really and truly fix on to. Sargent's lost his swagger this show. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught's portraits have no royal swank. Balfour's invertebrate as a giraffe. Alma-Tadema's portrait of himself isn't exactly vital. King Edward ought to have given Tennyson Cole the tip to *lose* that portrait. . . .

**From France**

This year there is an exuberance of fine things at the Royal Academy. Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mrs. Jackson, nearly "*de trois quarts*," is *piquante*. Ah! the back! It is exquisite! Sir Hubert von Herkomer's *très solide* group of the Academy Council is outstanding, magnificent, stupendous. Houp-la! And here is "Eve," by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. What ideality! What imagination! What a complexion! And how much there is of it! How very much — but not too much. The imperial portrait of his Majesty King Edward is presented to us *rutilante de coleur*. Mr. Tennnyson Cole has been

**The Dewan of Nepal**

Gorgeously attired, he went to see the King at Buckingham Palace last week, and is making a lengthy stay in England

*Photo* *Lafayette*

**The Maharajah of Cooch Behar**

A handsome and picturesque Indian visitor to London

determined to be *très Anglo-Saxon*. He has wandered into the Academy from a dream of the eighteenth century. . . .

* * *

**An Indian Summer**

As usual with the coming of May come also the Indian Princes. In England, granted that the chilly winds do blow, there are always the smiles and wiles of the ladies of musical comedy in which to bask and grow mellow. The Maharajah of Cooch Behar, who knows London almost as well as he knows Darjeeling, is here, so to speak, "on his own." The Dewan of Nepal, however, is here as the honoured guest of the King. Nominally Prime Minister, he is in reality ruler of that great Himalayan kingdom which gives us those gallant little Goorkhas, without whose help no war has been waged by the Indian Government for the last hundred years. The Maharajah's costume is a tasteful mixture of East and West. Thus, with a dark coat of European cloth and cut he wears pale yellow silk trousers, a cap of scarlet, and a flannel collar. He has with him forty retainers, six of whom are cooks, his caste precluding him from eating European food.

* * *

**An Illustrious Family**

Not very long ago Sir Thomas Barlow, who was Physician Extraordinary to Queen Victoria, and is Physician to the King's Household, organised a dinner at the Hotel Cecil to which only representatives of the name of Barlow were invited. There was no difficulty in making up a dinner-party, for members of the Barlow family are prominent almost all over the world. Lady Barlow is the wife of Sir Hilaro Barlow, Lieut.-Colonel R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich Arsenal. He is descended from one Hugh Barlow, whose grandson was knighted for capturing the *Africaine* frigate,

# The Illustrious Barlows

while another grandson, Sir George Barlow, was created first baronet in 1803. The second and fourth baronets were high in the Indian Civil Service. Other notable representatives of a notable name are Mr. J. E. Barlow, the Liberal Member for Frome; Dr. Barlow, Dean of Peterborough; the Right Rev. C. G. Barlow, Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales; Admiral Barlow, D.S.O., lately second in command of the Home Fleet; Major Barlow, D.S.O., commanding the Southern Nigeria Regiment; Mr. Lionel Barlow, Master of the Craven Hounds; Miss Jane Barlow, the Irish authoress; and Mr. R. G. Barlow, the cricketer. There are several more, but space forbids.

* * *

**The Duchess of Norfolk's Sister**

Great estates and ancient titles will be the portion of the little son of Mrs. Eric Drummond, as of the daughter (or heir if the fates prove kind) of her sister, the gentle and much-loved Duchess of Norfolk. Mrs. Drummond's husband is half-brother and heir to Viscount Strathallan, fifteenth Earl of Perth. The Earl is unmarried, and the baby will, therefore, in the natural course of events, inherit a baker's dozen of resounding Northern titles, the origin of at least three of which is lost in the mists of Scottish antiquity. Mrs. Drummond is the younger of the two daughters of Lord Herries, whose ancient Scottish barony devolves upon his elder child, the Duchess of Norfolk. It was at Kinharvie, the lovely, lofty Galloway seat of the Maxwells, that the premier Catholic Duke wooed and won and played croquet with the daughter and heiress of the house, and the two sisters of ancient lineage were married to men of even older family in the same year. Mrs. Drummond, like her sister of Norfolk, is not in the least enamoured of the life of Courts and towns. Every few months the two daughters, with their respective husbands and children, foregather at one or other of the paternal seats. For the great festivals, however, such as Christmas and Easter, they generally meet at Arundel.

*Photo* *Lafayette*

**Lady Barlow**

Wife of Lieut.-Col. Sir Hilaro Barlow, R.A., a member of a notable family

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**Too Much Empire**

Saturday, so I understand, the 24th being the Sabbath, is Empire Day. The great occasion will be celebrated as usual by Lord Meath and several thousand school-children, who, in the excited effervescence of their perfervid patriotism, will

Wave flags,

Sing (*perhaps in tune*) "God Save the King,"

Have a special geography lesson,

Be presented with a daisy apiece (*the symbol, vide Lord Meath, of the structure of the Empire*).

Well, far be it from *me* to interfere with the harmless amusements either of Lord Meath or the school-children. I yield to no one in my patriotism. But, I ask, as we have merrily and imperially pledged our immortal souls, even unto Preferential Tariffs, at the Colonial Conference; mafficked at the Empire with the best of them on Mafeking night; and—before and since—given many sons and brothers to the Empire, couldn't we give it a rest? This eternal foisting of the Empire upon us becomes wearisome. For Imperialism, like partridges, produces a feeling of lassitude when it threatens wholly to monopolise the menu. The Empire was never built that way—with blowings of trumpets, wavings of flags, and distributions of daisies—but rather by the quiet and solid work of men who, like the men of to-day in their thousands, are building up our Empire in the East. I see no reason, with all due deference to Lord Meath, why the Empire generally should not proceed on the same lines.

* * *

**The Duke of Fife and the Boys' Brigade**

A distinguished company, with the Duke of Fife as chairman, was to be seen on the platform at the Albert Hall the other evening at the annual demonstration of the Boys' Brigade. The Duke—why does the *Standard* still persist in calling him the Earl?—paid a well-merited tribute to the Brigade's work in instilling into its 100,000 members the best elements of patriotism, combined with healthy training, both moral and physical.

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I am informed by Colonel Atherton's solicitors that the rumour, to which I referred in our issue of May 6, that he was about to re-marry his former wife, is wholly without foundation. I regret that we were led into making the publication complained of, and apologise for any annoyance it may have caused him.

# Sister of Our First Duchess

*Photo* *Gradyer Studio*

THE HON. MRS. ERIC DRUMMOND AND HER SON, THE HEIR TO MANY TITLES

The Hon. Mrs. Eric Drummond, younger sister of the Duchess of Norfolk, and daughter of Lord Herries, married, in 1904, the Hon. James Eric Drummond, son of the eighth Viscount Strathallan. Her little son, John David, born last year, is an important personage, as will be seen by reference to the text

# Random Jottings

The Toriest man of our acquaintance is the elderly officer who, at breakfast-time on the morrow of the Dundee poll, positively choked when asked if he would take some marmalade.

* * *

Our contemporary, the *Amateur Photographer*, which is now, by the way, under new Editorship, has started a feature under the heading: "Exposures for the Month." We have often thought it would be nice to run something of the sort in THE BYSTANDER—only, unfortunately, those stupid libel laws still survive.

* * *

The Prime Minister has declined to give orders for the British flag to be flown over Government buildings on Empire Day. Under these circumstances, it is comforting to know that Mr. Churchill hangs out at the Board of Trade.

* * *

"Since Mr. Asquith moved into No. 10, Downing Street," says a contemporary, "dolls are to be found there." Surely, young as our Cabinet Ministers are, there will be something for them to do when they meet in Downing Street besides playing with dolls. Trifling with Old Age Pensions, for instance, or seeing if the sawdust will come out of the Licensing Bill.

* * *

"The swan neck"—says the *Daily Mail*—"is the fashion this season." Well may Mr. George Meredith ask, as he does in the poem he has written for *The Flag*:

"What figures will be shown the century hence?"

* * *

How thorough the Germans are. Not only authors and artists, but also "high-school professors," are henceforward to assist the Munich police in the censorship of plays. Presumably, playwrights who turn out scenes that are not pleasant will be punished by having to write them out a hundred times. There is something to be said for a single Censor after all.

* * *

Meanwhile, Mr. Cyril Maude has come forward with a new view of why the British drama is decadent. It is not the Censor, or the adaptor, or even the actor-manager, who is at fault, but "the high rent of the theatres and the early closing of the restaurants." In Elizabethan times, we rather gather, rents were cheap, and the public could rely on a nice little oyster-supper after the fifth act. Hence Shakespeare!

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie considers that much of the Indian discontent is due to the action of the Indian police, whom he regards as *agents provocateurs*. Enemies of Mr. Keir Hardie maintain that he is certainly justified in thinking that the Indian police did not do their duty when he was there

Suffragists are, in future, to wear badges, with "Votes for Women" woven in green and purple on a white ground. This choice of colours seems to us not altogether felicitous. Symbolically, of course, green stands for Jealousy, purple for Passion, and white (we believe) for Hatred of Tobacco. The whole effect, therefore, is:

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

JEALOUS, PASSIONATE, ANTI-NICOTINISTS.

As well-wishers, we cannot help pointing out that to many men this manifesto would not come as a very powerful appeal.

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Apropos of the West African Regiment, the *Daily Telegraph* says: "No boots encase their feet, and the lower part of the leg, in many cases, displays calves which would show off the golfer's hose to perfection." As a short cut to saying that the West Africans do not wear shoes or socks, this strikes us as being in our courtly contemporary's finest and most delicate style.

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The Rev. Sydney Goodmans has introduced smoking into the services of his church in Atlantic City, New Jersey, his aim being to make church-service as attractive to men as dances or music-halls. The smoking possibly goes a long way towards creating an illusion of this effect, but can Mr. Goodmans compete with Mr. Lauder? That is the question.

* * *

And is it wise of him to take a collection in order to defray the expenses of the cigars provided? They may be good cigars, but if they are not——? Somehow, a twopenny weed does not incline the connoisseur towards generosity.

* * *

"The Beautiful Harringay Society" is the name of an organisation for improving the appearance of Harringay—with flowers and things. We expect shortly the Proud Peckhamites, the Tooting Artists, and the Battersea Elgin Marblers. It is what the suburbs are crying for. A pot of geraniums here and there among the architects' triumphs makes such a lot of difference.

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## THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

We had been doing the "What shall we do with our Girls" Exhibition at Prince's, and it did not seem to me that Chloe was giving the channels of usefulness all the attention they deserved. While I studied the poultry-farming and curio-dealing and jam and lamp-shade making, and typewriting and donkey-breeding, and poster-designing, with

the utmost earnestness, Chloe would only look at the young chickens in the incubator, and cast an approving eye on some of the enamels. The eye of a wearer, rather than of a maker. I had hoped she would be more serious.

"The intensely interesting thing is," I said, "to note how women have advanced in the past decade."

"Yes," she said, without listening.

"Instead of being the helpless, clinging creatures they were——"

"Oh, do look at that woman's hat!" cried Chloe irrelevantly.

"Hat! I call it a pavilion," I said, looking at the structure on the head of a passing lady with disgust. "It is worse than yours. Half a dozen men could shelter under it during a thunderstorm."

"Perhaps that's why she wears it," said Chloe. "Do you suppose she makes jam or lamps under it?"

"Neither," I said. "She is obviously not one of the workers. She is a butterfly, an idler, a spendthrift, a ——"

"I know," said Chloe. "Let's look at the lace."

"How would you like to make lace?" I asked, as we examined it.

"I'd rather buy it," said Chloe.

I moved hastily away.

"Perhaps you would prefer laundry-work?" I said. "Or — or needlecraft?"

"No," said Chloe, without bias.

"Butter-making?" I suggested. "It looks delightful work."

"And how would you like it," said Chloe reproachfully, "when you came in and found me all smeary and bleary?"

"That is absurd," I said. "I am thinking of contingencies. Suppose anything happened to me, and you had no one to keep you in comfort—not to say luxury—what would you do then?"

"I should have a pension, shouldn't I?" said Chloe, unimpressed.

"Five shillings a week when you are seventy."

"I would rather not have five shillings a week than be seventy," Chloe retorted.

"But if you were starving?"

"I should sell the motor," said Chloe.

"Really," I said, "you are too——" But Chloe broke in——

"If you're going to be Father Vaughanny, I shan't be sorry if something does happen to you."

"I only want to impress on you," I said, "the importance to a woman of feeling independent."

"Well, I do," said Chloe. "Do I ever mind what you say? Of course not. Oh" — she went on, seeing me annoyed — "if you really want me to be practical and logical and silly, I don't mind saying that there's one thing here that rather appeals to me."

"What is that?" I said gratified.

"Donkey-training!" said Chloe. "They say it's awfully profitable, and donkeys are dears sometimes, aren't they? Besides, if anything did happen to you, it wouldn't be like taking up some quite new work."

"Why not?" I demanded, uneasily.

"Because I've had so much experience in the last six months," said Chloe.

*(The Royal Academy's recent decision that glass will be allowed over oil paintings on the line after the present year, bids fair to be popular when applied to dark-toned pictures)*

**Reflective Anticipation**

HE: "Dunno—somehow I like these dark-toned pictures this year—what?—jolly hard to do, I should think—show a deal of study and thought, and—er——"

SHE: "Reflection—yes"

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

# THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

**A Mistress of the Music of Motion**

An impression of Miss Maud Allan at the Palace Theatre, where all London—and the suburbs—are still flocking

(By CHARLES AMBROSE)

*HAYMARKET THEATRE*

**"Getting Married"**

It seems almost an impertinence to write a criticism upon Mr. Shaw's play, because the author has already fulfilled that office for his critics. Mr. Shaw has told us just what we were going to say both about his play and about himself. He wound up a most amusing *apologia* in the *Daily Telegraph* with the fiendish threat that he was going to be avenged upon those who had misunderstood him so long by boring them to distraction. I have baulked Mr. Shaw of his revenge upon myself. I was not bored by his conversation, upon which the curtain falls twice, rising again upon the same characters in the same attitudes. At least I was not bored for quite a while.

**A Tour de Force**

*Getting Married* is a tremendous *tour de force*. Let a manager pick out the most promising dramatist of his acquaintance and hand him the following scenario for treatment.

SCENE: *The Norman Kitchen in the Palace of the Bishop of Chelsea.*

The wedding day of Mr. Cecil Sykes and the Bishop's daughter, Miss Edith Bridgenorth. Principal guests are Lesbia Grantham, spinster, who realises that she would make a great mother, but has strong views upon the undesirability of a husband; General Bewley Bridgenorth, the Bishop's brother, in love, in the common or garden manner, with Lesbia; and Mrs. Reginald Bridgenorth (Leo), Bishop's daughter whose decree against her husband has not been made absolute. Consternation at arrival of the elderly villain Reginald. He explains that he knocked his wife down upon a carefully prepared soft garden bed in presence of the gardener, and then travelled to Brighton with a perfectly impossible woman in order to comply with the divorce law. Reginald is suffered to remain. Chief remonstrance of Leo with her husband, the odious appearance of the woman with whom he travelled to Brighton. If she had seen the woman she would never have consented to the trouble to which Reginald was put in order to obtain her freedom from him. Chief remonstrance of Reginald with Leo, the personality and general appearance of the young man in the case, St. John Hotchkiss, whom Reginald declares has a "mushroom face." Further consternation of wedding-party at arrival of Hotchkiss. He apparently has so many witty things to say about his relations with the Reginald Bridgenorths that *he* is suffered to remain. Hotchkiss gives his card to the General with a flourish. Upon it is inscribed, "The Great Coward," late of the ——th Lancers. He proudly proclaims himself also "the Great Snob." Hotchkiss refused to attack a position in South Africa war, because by so doing he would have earned military laurels for his chief, who, by his custom of eating rice with a spoon, stamps himself as a man of vulgar habits. Hotchkiss is also the Great Egotist. Reginald irritably complains that the conversation is always veering round to the personality of St. John Hotchkiss. The offender calmly explains that he is so interested in himself that he cannot keep off the topic.

**Real Incidents**

First real incident — the announcement that the bride has shut herself in her room to read a pamphlet upon marriage, which has just arrived by post, and refuses to come down and be married until she has finished.

Second real incident, precisely similar, only it is the bridegroom who delays the ceremony, and the pamphlet is a book.

Bride and bridegroom enter, each vowing that as far as they are concerned the ceremony is "off."

Bridegroom did not know that he would be responsible for slanders uttered and libels written by his wife-to-be against a big factory owner, who is liar and thief and worse where his hundreds of girl employées are concerned.

Bride indicates a point in pamphlet to the effect that if her husband committed a crime and he were given a "life" sentence she could not divorce him. Is this true? she indignantly demands. Answered in the affirmative, she says that there shall be no marriage for her. Not appeased with solemn declaration of bridegroom that he has no crimes in prospect.

No more pretence of action. The rest is talk. Clever talk, bright talk, talk that stamps the talkers as being most original types, and far more amusing than the talkers one meets at a dinner-party.

The talkers, dissatisfied with marriage as at present

# Sir John Hare's Last Season

BY NORMAN MORROW

contracted, sit round and "argufy" over the drawing up of a fresh and sensible contract. Of course, it is a ghastly failure, each insisting on his or her pet clause, which would be quite sufficient to wreck the scheme, as, for instance, the clause insisted upon by Leo, whenever there is a lull in the conversation, that she shall be allowed two husbands!

The touch of real seriousness at the end of the play is daring, but it succeeded owing to the talent of Miss Fanny Brough, who so held the audience in her delivery of a beautiful speech upon the real and spiritual love that you could have heard a pin drop.

The talkers—E. Holman Clark, Charles Fulton, William Farren, jun., Henry Ainley, Robert Loraine, in fact all of them—talked nobly. In fact, the cast is a joy. E.C.S.

lyrics launch this revised edition of Mr. W. J. Locke's play on what promises to be a most successful career. The basis of the story is the re-awakening of sentiment in the breast of a prosaic and middle-aged business man under the irresistible influence of the inhabitants of the Palace of Puck, otherwise the bohemian art students at Mr. Widgery Blake's château in France. Under their genial tutelage, especially that of Rhodanthe, the Witch, he finds the passions and gaieties of youth returning to him, and from the overbearing husband again becomes his common, but good-hearted wife's devoted lover.

And the players, what of them? We have not seen Miss Ada Reeve in London since 1904. After the run of this piece, we should be willing to wait another four years, if at the end of that time she would

*Photo* *Foulsham and Banfield*

**Mr. Louis Bradfield in quite an unusual role in "Butterflies" at the Apollo**

Playgoers will, of course, realise that Mr. Louis Bradfield has never previously disported himself in any such manner as that depicted above, where he, as Widgery Blake, of the Palace of Puck, has just concluded a sprightly dance with four gay Parisiennes, in the new musical comedy, *Butterflies*. The prospective long run of the play will preclude the possibility of our seeing him in another unaccustomed rôle in the near future!

*APOLLO THEATRE*

**"Butterflies"**

When the *Palace of Puck* was produced at the Haymarket a year ago the following words appeared in our criticism: "So rough are the methods of the players that they are continually tearing holes in the delicate fabric weaved by the author. Some day I hope to take the play into my study and people it with players of my imagination." Not by the children of imagination, however, but by real flesh and blood actors did I witness the playing of the piece in its true spirit the other night, when *Butterflies*, the musical version of the play, was produced at the Apollo. The music and irresponsible gaiety of musical comedy supply just what was lacking when the piece was produced merely as the *Palace of Puck*, and Mr. J. A. Robertson's tuneful score and Mr. T. H. Read's promise to give us another performance equal to that of Rhodanthe, the bewitching little charmer of the Palace of Puck. No wonder prosaic Mr. Podmore (excellent is Mr. Fred Edwards in this part) was exorcised of the Demon of Disapproval, which was ever ready to make itself heard during the first few days of his stay at the Palace. As Widgery Blake, or "Puck," the ruler of the festivities, Mr. Louis Bradfield had several opportunities of executing dances with a multitude of partners, a rôle not new to playgoers. Several tuneful songs, none of which, however, I think, will become the rage, fell to Mr. Hayden Coffin's part, all of which he renders in his accustomed attractive manner. For the rest, Miss Iris Hoey makes a winsome and pretty Elsie Podmore, and Mr. Lauri de Freece an amusing edition of the chauffeur *genus*. H. P.

# Quite a Stranger! WHOSE RETURN ALL WELCOME

**MISS ADA REEVE, NOW APPEARING IN "BUTTERFLIES" AT THE APOLLO**

Not since 1904 have we seen Miss Ada Reeve on the legitimate stage in London, though our loss has been the gain of the provinces and the Colonies. Glad, however, are we to welcome her back in our midst in the delightful *butterflies*, a piece so eminently suited to her talents, in which she plays the part of the bewitching charmer of the staid and pompous Podmore, the Mincing Lane merchant

*Photo* *Foulsham and Banfield*

# Continental Chat

*Photo Topical Agency*

**Rochette, the Famous Financier**

Who, too rich to be kept in prison, was released last week

### German Monarchs Honour the Austrian Emperor

The gathering of the reigning Houses of Germany to do honour to the aged Emperor of Austria, on the sixtieth anniversary of his reign, appears inexplicable to those who do not know the part he has played in the great political game of Central Europe. The period of sixty years ago takes us back to 1858, when the Austrian Emperor was the leader in the German Confederation, which had grown up in self-defence, and to which the present security of Central Europe owes its origin. Many stories are told of the rivalries and jealousies which enlivened the work of the Diet of the Federation. It sat at Frankfort-on-the-Main, which was thus for many years the Parliamentary capital of the German States. It was there that Bismarck took the preliminary steps towards the overthrow of the Austrian leadership. The first sign he gave of the coming struggle was the lighting of his cigar at one of the sittings without permission of the President. Diplomatic notes were sent off in all directions. The Austrian Court was thrown into a state of high nervous excitement, the Saxon Monarch called a Cabinet Council then and there, and gave orders to make a careful estimate of the country's defences. Bavaria counted up the cost of siding with Prussia or Austria, as the case might be. Bismarck went on smoking his cigar, as impenetrable as a sphinx. The historic puffs of his cigar swelled into clouds, and wound up in 1866 with the great disruption and the defeat of Austria by the Bismarckian Government of Prussia. But these are things of the past, and all the potentates of the old Confederation have now met again to greet the old leader of forty or fifty years ago, and recognise that all German-speaking peoples, like Anglo-Saxon peoples, are the friendlier because there is no conflicting interest to divide them

* * *

### The Minor Monarchs

One hardly realises the fact that the German Empire still consists of twenty-two different little States with their separate Parliaments, and three Free Cities, and Alsace-Lorraine as a sort of dependency of the

*Photo]* **The Snapshot Historical: The Two Kaisers Drive through Vienna** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The visit of the German Emperor, with a galaxy of Kings and three generations of illustrious Federal Princes, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, and the Burgomaster of the Free Town of Hamburg, to his Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph of Austria, on the occasion of his Diamond Jubilee, painted Vienna purple, and made it, for a brilliant moment, the cynosure of all Europe. The two Emperors drove together, in an open carriage drawn by four grey horses, to Schönbrunn Palace. The gala banquet was the great scene in one of those political pageants which the Kaiser stage-manages so magnificently. As the Austrian Emperor's health is no longer robust, the above may be the last snapshot of the two monarchs together, and therefore of historic interest

# Portugal's New King

*Photo* *L. E. A.* *Photo* *Topical Agency*

"I SWEAR——" KING MANUEL PRONOUNCING THE OATH IN THE CORTES THE YOUNG KING SALUTES

The Portuguese Cortes was a brilliant place when the young King, surrounded by Peers and Peeresses, and functionaries in State uniforms, took the oath to the Constitution in the Cortes. In accordance with tradition, the crown was not placed on his Majesty's head, but reposed on a gorgeous cushion during the ceremonies. Manuel II., who was resplendent in full State robes and an ermined mantle of garnet-hued velvet, pronounced the oath while he held the sceptre in his left hand and placed his right hand on the missal. Afterwards came the Grand Ensign's cry of "Real! Real! For the very high, very powerful, and very faithful King of Portugal, Dom Manuel II.!"

Empire as a whole. Most of them have a Court Theatre and Art Institutions. I well remember a stay in the little Duchy of Anhalt, with its population of some 300,000, at its clean, quiet little capital of Dessau. The Duke, by the way, is a member of the Marlborough Club, and is well known to many fashionable Londoners. He is in close touch with all the affairs of his little Duchy, and a patron of the arts, music, and the drama. At every fresh performance the Duke and Duchess survey all the beauty and fashion of Dessau from the Royal box. I remember a little incident on one occasion. At a pantomime performance, in which "Prince Charming" steps forward in all the splendour of gilt and spangles, a little girl sitting near me, breathless with joy, cried out, "Oh, mamma, how glad I am at length to see a real Prince!" The Duke and Duchess gave way to uncontrollable laughter, in which the whole house joined.

*Photo* *Bolak*

**Eighteenth-Century Opera in Paris: A Bevy of Shepherdesses and Huntresses in "Hippolyte et Aricie"**

We do not hear much of Jean Philippe Rameau nowadays, but the French musician, who was born in 1683 and died in 1764, was a famous man in the days of Louis XV., and wrote on the principles of harmony, superintended the Opera in Paris, and composed a few operas and many ballets. The antique glories of his opera, *Hippolyte et Aricie*, which was revived last week at the Grand Opera, have not exactly driven Paris into ecstasies, but they are worth hearing, and the stage pictures are charming

### Rochette's Release

The prediction that Rochette was too rich to be kept long in prison seems to have come true. The famous financier left his gaol this week, much to the delight of the many friends who welcomed him like a hero, presented him with bouquets, wept and gesticulated in the manner common to Latin peoples. Whether Rochette is innocent or not remains to be proved. He certainly has had an interesting and remarkable career, and, had be been born on the other side of the Atlantic, where he would have had a larger field for his abilities, what millions might he not have made! He began life as a groom, then was *garçon de café* at Melun, a little station on the way to Fontainebleau. Some distant relative left him "a fortune" of 3,000frs., on which he commenced to educate himself. Then he went into office life. He rapidly rose from office-boy to clerk and bank manager, and there are, to-day, few financial concerns in which he is not said to have a finger. Rochette looks every inch of him a financier. He dresses well, is very nervous, and always in a hurry.

### Octave Mirbeau Jubilant

Octave Mirbeau is jubilant. His name is on everyone's lips. Twice the Palais de Justice has been crowded with people enthusiastic to hear what decision will be taken in reference to his play, *Le Foyer*. Octave Mirbeau is known in England as the author of a successful play, *Business is Business*. He is a writer of considerable talent, and won his laurels, like so many other Frenchmen, by writing scathing and unjust articles, tearing to shreds the reputation of anyone *en évidence*, simply for the sake of self-advertisement. He was one of the group of writers, of which Maurice Donnay, now an Academician, was also one, who frequented "*Le Chat Noir*," and there found much material for future use. His character by no means equals his talent. The little money he had he wasted, and got heavily into debt. His friends never forgave him for marrying Alice Ragnault, an *actrice-courtisane*, who brought him a very substantial dowry.

* * *

### Claretie and "Courtin"

Claretie accepted *Le Foyer*—said to be written by Mirbeau in collaboration with a friend, Thadie Nathanson, a Jewish financier, who up till now has been unheard of in the world of letters—on condition that certain modifications were made. Mirbeau promised that this should be done when the piece was being rehearsed, but after fourteen rehearsals (after which number of rehearsals a piece cannot legally be refused) he declared that the play would lose its force if the character of "Courtin" were modified in the way that Claretie wished. Claretie then refused to allow the rehearsals to be continued, and Mirbeau is asking L-50 a day damages until they are resumed. Next week the judgment will be given.

* * *

### "La Ruée"

Monster canvases are the fashion this year in London, at Burlington House, and in Paris, at the "old" Salon. "La Ruée," by Louis Béroud, which we illustrate, is immense, and depicts a great crowd of people rushing up towards a female figure symbolic of each man's desire—fame, fortune, happiness, what you will. *La Ruée*, roughly translated, means the rush, Béroud having coined the word from the verb *ruer*—to converge. "Scrimmage," did it not smack too eloquently of football, might also convey the painter's meaning. The picture may justly be described as an incompetent rendering of a great idea. In Paris the opinion is that Béroud has let vaulting ambition carry him a wee bit too far, and he is advised in future to apply his talent to those smaller subjects in which he formerly excelled.

# An Allegory at the Salon

"LA RUÉE," BY LOUIS BÉROUD, A PARIS "PICTURE OF THE YEAR"

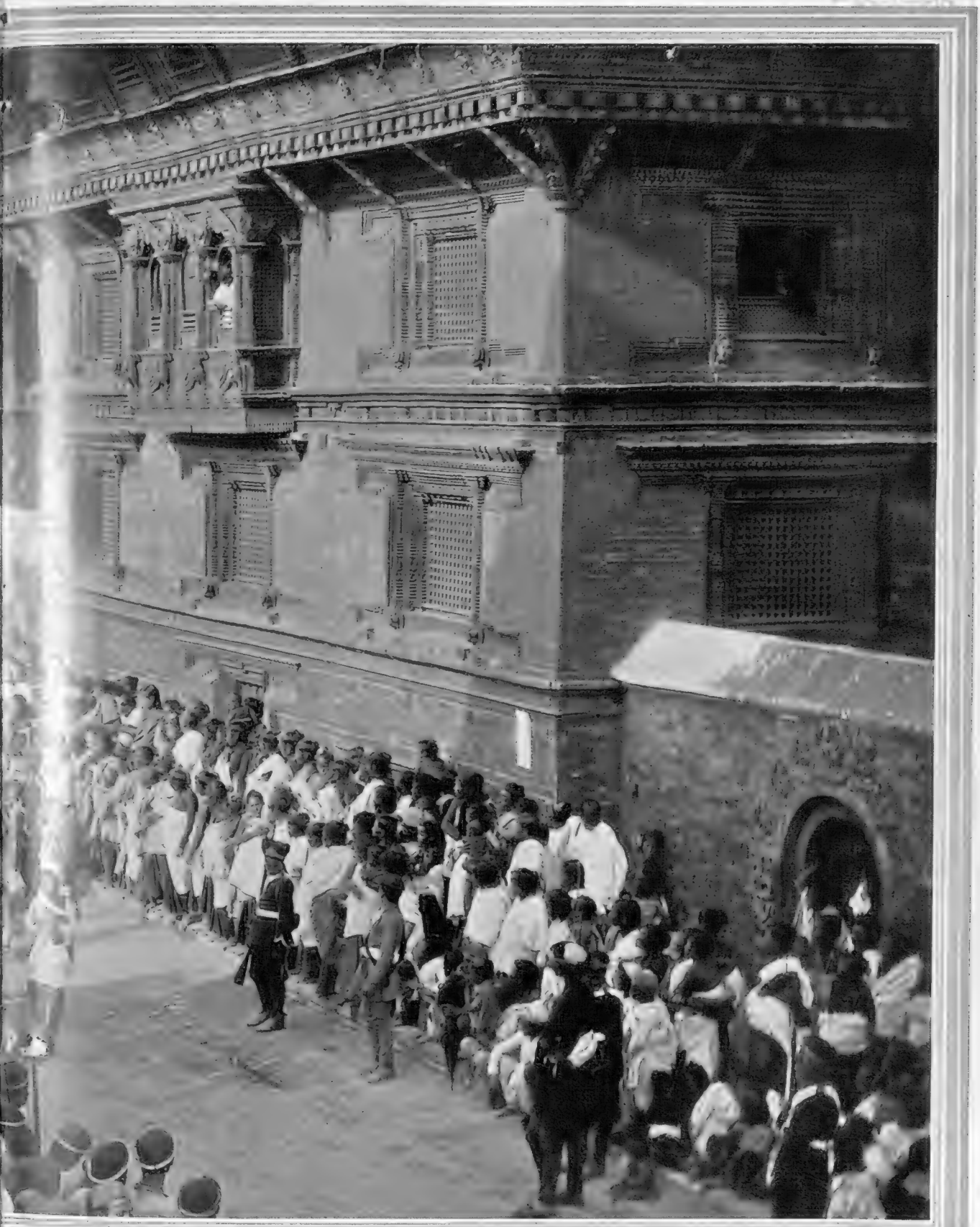
(*Description on opposite page*)

# A STREET SCENE IN NEPAL, THE DE

*Photo*] A STATE PROCESSION IN PATAN, ONE OF THE CHIEF CITIES OF NEPA

We have now in our midst, as guest of the India Office, an interesting personality in his Highness Maharaja Sir Chandra Shum Shere Jung, the Prime Minister and virtual ruler of Nepal, the most important of the States along our Indian frontier, who was, on Monday, received in audience by the King. Nepal is situated along the southern slopes of the Himalayas, and has always been independent, though co friendship. The only Europeans allow and his small staff, white traveller Government, however, is allowed th number of the inhabitants, and it is fro

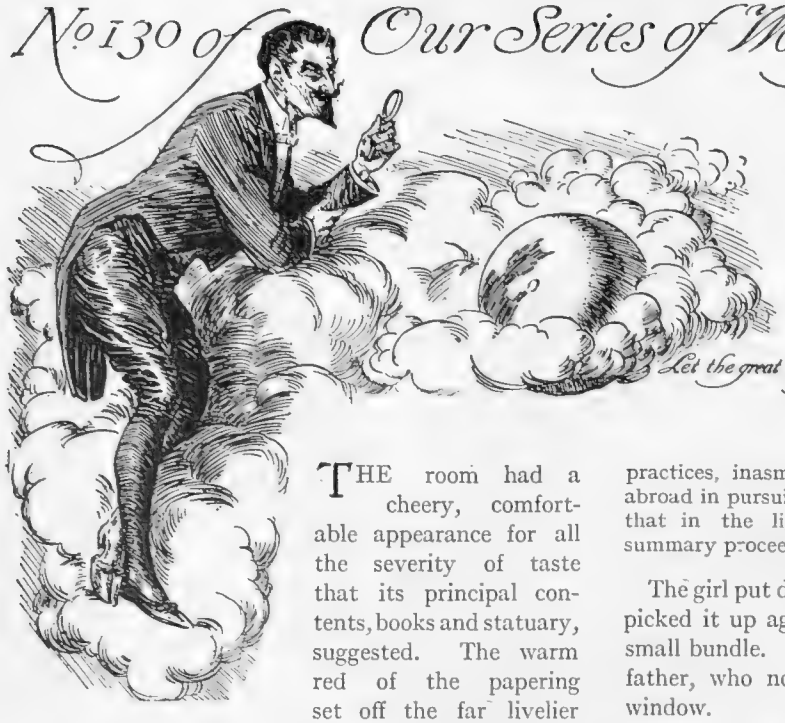
# VAN OF WHICH IS NOW IN ENGLAND



, IN HONOUR OF THE DEWAN, WHO IS NOW VISITING GREAT BRITAIN *[Hertzog and Higgins*

ected with India by strong ties of in the country are the British resident being forbidden access. The British special privilege of enlisting a certain this region that our famous Goorkha regiments are drawn. The country is a prosperous one, and contains several fine towns, the capital being Khatmanda, chiefly famed for the substantial but most unpicturesque palace of the Maharaja. It is interesting to note that the exclusion of Europeans has not precluded the adoption of many Western customs, including uniformed policemen and umbrellas!

*No. 130 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories*



# The Sins of the Children

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

*Let the great book of the world be your principal study*—Chesterfield

THE room had a cheery, comfortable appearance for all the severity of taste that its principal contents, books and statuary, suggested. The warm red of the papering set off the far livelier colouring of the pictures. No pert steel engravings patronised its walls, but laughing girls with sparkling hair and eyes, sun-splashed seascapes in water-colour, scarlet-cloaked cavaliers, and delicate crayon-work in pale blue lent true decorative effect to the few bookless crevices. The sunlight streamed through the window, danced across the bright green carpet and well-polished furniture, over the brass ornaments of the hearth, and ricochetted to the centre of the room, where it caressed the white hairs of a big, heavily-built man who sat at an escritoire, his face buried in his hands. From the quivering of his broad shoulders it would seem that he had been moved to tears.

The sound of rustling petticoats on the stairs, of someone hurrying, apparently, to the library in which he was sitting, made him sit up sharply. His face was grey and worn, his proud features wore an expression of bitter despair, and his shrewd, piercing eyes were wet.

"Father!" A tall, handsome girl burst impulsively into the room.

"Why, father, dear, what is the matter? Have you heard, then? But it's all nonsense, isn't it? It must be contradicted at once. What paper have you got there?" She took up the evening newpaper that lay on the table, and hastily scanned the sensational head-lines, her cheeks flaming as she read.

The ugly paragraph that had created so cruel a sensation in this normally placid household ran as follows:

"We are authoritatively informed that a warrant has been applied for, and, we believe, issued, for the arrest of Mr. Horace Kent Michell, the elder son of Sir Edward Michell, M.P. (whose name has been freely discussed as a candidate for the new Cabinet post of Minister for Public Health), in connection with the wholesale embezzlement of the property of the late Mr. Samuel Franks, J.P. It will be remembered that Mr. Horace Michell was a junior partner in the firm of Ponsonby, Marks and Michell, who had charge of the late Mr. Franks' affairs. Both the senior partners were sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, but there was no reason to suppose that Mr. Michell had any cognisance of his partners' criminal practices, inasmuch as for many months he had been abroad in pursuit of big game. We understand, however, that in the light of recent discoveries, the present summary proceedings became imperative."

The girl put down the paper shudderingly. Then she picked it up again, and mechanically folded it into a small bundle. She crossed the room to the side of her father, who now stood staring vacantly out of the window.

"Father, dear, what is to be done?"

"Nothing, Millicent. He is guilty."

"How do you know?" she gasped.

"He told me so. I made him admit it. Besides, a great many people must have known it for some time."

"But, father, it was made so clear at the trial that he was not in any way implicated."

"I have friends, Millicent."

"Then why has it all been revived?"

"I have enemies."

"But are they as strong as your friends?"

"I would never appeal to my friends. What was done before was done without my raising a finger or speaking a word."

"Tell me, who was it?"

"The late Prime Minister."

"But, father, you scarcely knew him."

"That is quite true."

"Then someone who had great influence with him must have done it. Someone who—oh, my God, yes, I understand."

"I think I'll go out for a little, Millicent. I want to be pointed at, laughed at, pitied. Yes, that is just what I want, that and the sunshine."

"And this means the death of your ambition. Now, at the very hour perhaps when your long life-struggle was to be crowned. Father, father, how we have wronged you!"

The old man drew himself up, and his proud features set sternly, though there were still tear sparkles in his eyes.

"I have never complained. It is not for you to complain on my behalf. I will go out into the sun." He placed his right hand between the buttons of his frock-coat, and, with head held high, walked with stately stride out of the room.

The girl sat down quietly on the edge of a low chair. Her brain worked busily, and occasionally her body shivered. In her hands was the hateful newspaper, which she twisted impulsively to and fro. Once it

(*Continued on page 394*)

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# The Clown of the Crystal Voice

*Photo* *Reutlinger*

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, THE CHARMING SINGER NOW APPEARING IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF "THE CLOWN" AT THE OPERA COMIQUE

Parisians are hoping that Miss Geraldine Farrar will be persuaded to prolong her stay in their midst at the Opera Comique, where her "sweet voice of crystal," as it has been called, and her fascinating personality have delighted everybody. Her intrigue with the German Crown Prince is a "secret de polichinelle," and it was for her that he wished to renounce his Royal rights. Though she spends the greater part of her life in America, she made her debut in France as the protegee of Countess Graffulhe. It will be remembered that not long ago it was announced that she was about to marry Herr Doeme, Mme. Nordica's divorced husband

(*Continued from page 392*)

appeared as if she would break down and sob, but with bitten lips she repressed the surging emotion, and once more pondered fiercely, her face more haggard, her eyes more hard.

Edward Michell was the father of four children. Their mother had died long before any of them had attained to an independent age, and their training, consequently, had been left in the hands of professional protectors, whose conscientiousness attained no higher level than that necessary for the collection of salary. Michell himself, a brilliant young doctor practising in the best circles of English Society, was too engrossed with his own work, and far too great a slave to ambition, to take any particular trouble over the selection of his children's guardians, and the children were, in consequence, left pretty much to their own devices.

He was first brought to an appreciation of his responsibilities by the thoughtlessness of his elder daughter, Elspeth, who carelessly eloped with her singing master, leaving behind her a compromising document of twenty-four scented pages of note-paper and an extremely disagreeable precedent for her very impressionable younger sister, Millicent. The pain that this incident had caused him was soon forgotten in the glory of a knighthood, and, even when his second son appeared in the Divorce Court as co-respondent with a married woman who could not get anyone else to take her to spiritualistic séances, he easily consoled himself with the reflection that his two favourite children, Horace and Millicent, had as yet shown no disposition to exchange the discriminative *à la carte* of respectability for the speculative *table d'hôte* of Socialism.

Then had come his triumphant and unopposed return as Member of Parliament for a West London constituency, which still regards the registering of a vote for the Conservative party as sheer patronage of the Constitution. New people came to Sir Edward's house, among them many political celebrities of both parties. And with these new friends, his handsome and accomplished daughter, Millicent, soon became a prime favourite.

It soon became apparent to Sir Edward's keen eyes that of his daughter's many suitors two only were regarded by her with anything approaching favour. Both were wealthy men, but one was a Conservative Cabinet Minister and the heir to a peerage, and the other a rather dull, but possibly sincere, unit of the Opposition. To bring about a match, therefore, between Millicent and the Right Honourable Norman Merrill became for some time Sir Edward's sole object in life. His delight, therefore, was unbounded when his daughter at length submitted to artistic pressure and consented to an announcement of the engagement.

The alliance meant even more to him than would appear on the surface. The Prime Minister was an old man, the Government was near the end of its allotted span of tenure, and, after the General Election had inevitably resulted in the reinstatement of the Conservative Party with an accession of strength, who more likely to be invited to form a Cabinet than Mr. Merrill?

Then had come the Franks scandal, and the conviction of his son's partners in the famous firm of solicitors. The knowledge of his son's guilt had in point of fact affected him less than the imminent ruin of his ambition. Yet he had been too proud to ask favours of the men who would have willingly shielded his name. What was done was done scarcely with his compliance. Merrill, inspired by a genuine passion for Michell's beautiful daughter, and fearful of the social difficulties that the conviction of her brother would create, brought fierce pressure to bear on the Prime Minister. The latter reluctantly interfered, and young Michell was adroitly whitewashed in the public court. Sir Edward breathed again, and offered up secret sacrifices to the undimmed prestige of his daughter.

The date of the wedding was fixed, and the Liberal unit had consented to act as best man. The world beamed at Sir Edward, and he felt that even the policeman on the Grosvenor Square beat wanted to pat him on the back. Then came another period of doubt and anxiety. The General Election took place far earlier than had been anticipated, and the wedding was postponed. Worried to distraction, Sir Edward watched the constituencies' returns. The first two results were Radical triumphs, then came a small Conservative win, then a host of Radical victories in the provinces, followed by the complete capture of London by the Conservatives. The final result was in the balance to the end, when, to Sir Edward's great relief, his party got back with a small majority. Merrill was invited to form a Government, and Sir Edward was made a Junior Lord of the Treasury. His cup of happiness was, therefore, full. For the future, promotion would automatically be his. But a fortnight before the wedding, Millicent eloped with her best man, the Liberal unit, who, to add to the irony of the situation, had lost his seat at the General Election.

With the exception of Sir Edward and Mr. Merrill, all the world smiled. The photograph of "the girl who jilted the Prime Minister" was in every illustrated paper, and for some days the placards of the teashop organs competed in vulgarity to persuade the public to read their particular views on the salacious topic. Like most sensations of its kind, however, it soon lost its hold on the public interest, and open friendliness was actually renewed between the Prime Minister and his father-in-law elect. Millicent quarrelled for eighteen months with the Liberal unit, lost him in the nineteenth over the taff-rail of a Rhine steamer, and returned home, an interesting widow.

For some time she did not meet her former lover. But the Cabinet decision to formulate a Public Health Department had brought the Prime Minister and her father often into close consultation. Merrill dined twice in Grosvenor Square, and on these occasions treated her with that particularly irritating kind of deference that always suggests a gentle ridicule. She promptly took a bitter dislike to him, and, had it not been for the coming crisis in her father's fortunes, would have frankly shown it. For it was clear to all that Michell was earmarked for the new Cabinet appointment, as much for the safety of his seat as for his undeniable qualifications.

She realised now, as she sat in her father's library, that, in a certain sense, the game was up. This dreadful revival of the old trouble about Horace would wreck her father's diplomatic chances. And most certainly she would never have an opportunity of snubbing the Prime Minister.

A servant threw open the library door. He started

(*Continued on page 396*)

# Orleans Remembers "La Pucelle"

*Photo* *Topical Agency*

THE CLERGY TAKING PART IN THE CELEBRATIONS IN ORLEANS IN MEMORY OF JOAN OF ARC

Every year they have in Orleans extremely pretty fêtes in memory of the immortal Maid who delivered the town from the British. The fêtes take place on the anniversary of the deliverance, and this year the Church, which last year withdrew from the ce ebrations for the first time, once more joined in the ceremonies, and gave to them the mediæval touch which has for so many centuries made Orleans on this occasion the scene of delightful picturesqueness

(*Continued from page 394*)

on seeing that the room already had an occupant, and stammered violently. Millicent rose to her feet just as the Prime Minister appeared through the doorway.

"Mr. Merrill!"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tonge. I hear your father is out."

"Yes. He is probably at the club. Shall I telephone, or send a messenger?"

"No, no. Please don't take that trouble. In many ways it is better that I should speak to you first. Come and sit down here, beside me." She obeyed him, as she had always obeyed him, whether it pleased or angered her.

"You have, of course, seen the newspapers?"

Millicent nodded, looking away from him.

"And your father?"

"He knows."

"Did he formulate any plan of action?"

"No. You know his pride. He would not have the world say that he complained. He imagines that that would be a confession of dishonour."

"H'm. I rather expected this. He completely realises, of course, the difference this makes in his position as regards this new Cabinet post that is being so freely discussed?" He spoke of it as if the appointment were one with which he personally had no concern.

"He understands that very clearly."

"Tell me, now, does he believe that his—your brother is guilty?"

"He says that Horace confessed to him."

"Eh?" Mr. Merrill rose sharply to his feet, his face eloquent of surprise. And yet there was something in his manner that suggested relief. He walked to the window, and then paced the full length of the room.

"If the boy be guilty, I am sure that he only played a very minor part." Merrill seemed to be talking partly to himself.

"What makes you think that?" Millicent asked abruptly.

"Ah-h! Your father has very powerful enemies, Mrs. Tonge. A determined enemy easily acquires evidence of a kind."

"But if it is not of the right kind, the shaft will recoil. Oh, I know that if you throw sufficient mud some of it will stick. But a little mud on Horace's coat could not so deeply injure his father."

"Mrs. Tonge, I will admit you to my confidence." This was a phrase that Mr. Merrill used with notorious frequency in his public orations, when it generally meant that he was going to talk generalities about the immaterial. Millicent could scarcely restrain a slight smile.

"I am going to remind you, indiscreetly, that many a gun is raised that it is never intended to fire." Millicent waited patiently. If there were anything worth hearing, it would come in the peroration.

"You appreciate, I daresay, that it is in my power to whitewash your brother."

She watched him narrowly, and then said:

"Tell me, Mr. Merrill, do you come here as a friend or an enemy?"

"I come as a war correspondent."

"I don't understand."

"Listen." He stood over her, looking sternly into her upturned face.

"I care nothing for your father's ambition, nor for his enemy's success. The war correspondent has little interest in the result of an engagement. He wants spoils in the form of good copy. I am here for spoils."

"Forgive me, but your meaning is still very obscure."

"If this warrant be issued, your brother tried and found guilty, and your father's further ambition in life, therefore, hopelessly ruined, would you marry me?"

Her cheeks reddened. At a loss for words to answer this sudden proposal, she remained silent.

"Would you marry me, Millicent?" asked Merrill again.

"You forget, you forget."

"I remember."

"This is very painful to me. It is surely in doubtful taste. You know what my answer must be. Your question is pure ridicule."

"I sometimes think that long love, unswerving loyalty, and eternal faith are in bad taste. The opposites are the vogue. It comes from the harnessing of natural forces. The man who sits all day by the telephone, for example, could hardly be blamed for flirting with false gods. The evening is going to be wet, after all." He went to the window.

"If I refuse you, you remain the war correspondent. That is what you wish me to understand, is it not? If I accept you, the Prime Minister will act."

"I want you for my wife. I have wanted you for three years. I want you as the body wants new flowers, as the mind wants culture. I want you as the tortured crave for death."

"And must you win me in this way?"

"I ask you to marry me, Millicent. You suggest that I ask for your love."

"You hope to win it after marriage. That is such a foolish dream, and such a common one. I should love you so little that you would learn to hate me."

"I take the risk. You shall lead your own life. I shall only ask you to confide in me if you find an objective for your love elsewhere."

"It is impossible. It is even hateful to me. You cannot know me if you think me capable of selling myself."

"I have offered no price."

"That is a quibble. If I consent to marry you, you will save my brother and my father's good name. Are you sure that you could do that?"

Merrill smiled.

"Yes, I recognise that you could stop the present proceedings, but you could not prevent people talking."

"I could go a long way towards it. Some obliging young man would be put up in the House to ask a question, and the Home Secretary, with heaving chest and flashing eye, would whitewash the wicked in the tremolo tones which always serve to emphasise a politician's insincerity on less emotional occasions. The papers would eagerly repeat his reference to the "base *canard*" and the "preposterous libel," especially those mainly instrumental in starting it, and the club folk wouldn't have much to say above their breath."

"Yes, I under-estimated your resources."

"Well, am I to avail myself of them?"

"That is for you to decide."

(*Continued on page 395*)

# Nature as a Labour Saver

*Photo* *Underwood and Underwood*

A YELLOWSTONE PARK ANGLER ABOUT TO COOK HIS CATCH IN THE BOILING SPRING ALONGSIDE THE LAKE

Not often is Nature so accommodating as she is in the Yellowstone Park, the great national "pleasuring ground" of the States, which is seventy-two miles in diameter. The volcanic origin of the region, which is still made apparent by the presence of geysers and an active mud volcano, renders it possible for the fisherman to make a catch in one of the lakes among the mountains within its area, and, without walking a step, to cook the fish in one of the boiling springs which bubble up in every direction. Surely the enterprising American, however, could improve upon this, and stock one of these pools so that one could catch one's fish already cooked!

(*Continued from page 396*)

"I have decided."

"To interfere?"

"I remind you that I am here as a war correspondent."

"It is cowardly to watch when a friend needs help."

"The friend who asks for help is a coward." Millicent turned angrily to him.

"I have not asked your help," she said, "nor has my father. You seem to have come here to taunt us."

"I came here to ask you to be my wife."

"I thank you. Once and for all, I decline."

Merrill was standing at the window. Suddenly he turned and beckoned Millicent to him. She obeyed him, sulkily.

In the street without, walking towards the house, with bent head and twitching lips, was Sir Edward Michell. There was an air of terrible dejection about his big frame that deeply touched both of the watchers in the window. Millicent bit her lips, and took a half-glance at Merrill's face. The latter's expression was at that moment eloquent of genuine pity. As Millicent turned again to watch her father, it changed abruptly to one of pleased cunning. He stole a rapid glance at the girl, and his features then resumed the mould of profound sympathy. He turned on his heel and walked sadly to the fireplace. His stride and carriage were tinged with theatricality, but Millicent did not notice it.

"That old man must not suffer, Millicent. For his sake, I will—avail myself of my resources." There was again an artificial note in his tone, but Millicent was too relieved to detect it.

"Do you mean it? Do you really mean it? Oh, you are splendid. For his sake, not mine."

"For his sake."

"Oh, Mr. Merrill, how I have misjudged you!"

Merrill gracefully waved his right hand and moved to the door.

"I will meet your father downstairs, and put his mind at rest. Good-bye, Millicent."

She half moved towards him. He noticed it, but walked quietly out of the room. The blood rushed to her face; her whole body seemed aflame. She flung up the window and breathed in the cool, wet air.

Five minutes later Merrill left the house. He felt her eyes on him as he entered his carriage and glanced up at the window.

The policeman in the Square is to this day prepared to be stricken dead if the girl at the window did not throw a kiss to the Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

## AN APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE

READING THE NEW PLAY. By CHAS. E. MARSHALL

*NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY*

# THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"From Edinburgh to India and Burmah." By W. G. Burn Murdoch. (Routledge: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Magic of May." By "Iota." (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)

"Butcher of Bruton Street." By Mr. Arthur Applin. (Grant Richards: 6s)

### A Little Libel on "The Flag"

*The Flag*—the book of the Union Jack Club—a copy of which has been sent me by the *Daily Mail*, contains an amazing number of interesting things. Mr. George Meredith poetises obscurely about Power; Mr. Kipling has made Falstaff into a motorist; Miss Marie Corelli waxes rhythmic about the future of England—sees the "coming future menacing the past," "Kingdoms down-shaken with the fall of kings," but bids us fear not, for we are "Mother of mightiest nations yet to be." Sir W. S. Gilbert relates a personal experience of the Franco-Prussian War; Mr. Alfred Austin unfurls the "flag of England," in three verses, ringing the changes on "breeze" and "seas," "right" and "light," "throne" and "zone" in approved style. Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Hichens, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs are among the other writers; while Art is represented by Dudley Hardy, Lawson Wood, Hassall, René Bull, Lewis Baumer, and heaps of others. But there is a question of the price which ought to be raised, and about this I feel so strongly that I propose to be libellous about it, and have selected the most classical model I can find for the purpose. Here goes, then! Lawyers, get ready. (Begins.)

A Joke from "The Flag"

FALSTAFF MOTORETH!

(Byam Shaw's illustration to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's skit in *The Flag*)

*By courtesy of the "Daily Mail"*

> *A grave mistake has been committed in the method of publication. The book is one that would create very wide interest in one form or another. It would appeal to every reader in the Empire, and it is difficult to over-estimate its educational value if it were accessible to all classes. But the volume, which might easily have been produced at £100, has been offered to the privileged many at—one shilling. The publishers have exploited the Empire for the ends of philanthropy, and coined the national interest into twelve pieces of copper, to be precise.*

(Ends.) In short, the book is preposterously, scandalously cheap at the price at which it has been issued. (Writ to reach this office not later than Wednesday next.)

### A Dream Shattered

But the other day I had before me a book entitled *From Charing Cross to Delhi*. Now comes *From Edinburgh to India and Burmah*. Oddly enough, too, both are by Scotsmen. When I opened the latter-named, which is superbly produced and elegantly printed by Routledge (10*s.* 6*d.* net), and discovered that the opening pages gave the author's impressions of London, particularly Piccadilly, a pleasurable suspicion aroused itself within me. Could it be that—that the author was going to be really brilliant, and stop there? Would he have the magnificence to go no further on his well-worn road to the East than the great and mystic Circus? For long I have dreamed of a great book of travel in which the author shall stay where he starts from. Alas, it yet remains to be written! Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch, the author of the present volume, too speedily quits Piccadilly; he embarks at Tilbury; he weathers the eternal Bay; he gapes at the inevitable "Gib."; is impressed by the familiar wonders of Suez and the Canal, and of Bombay Harbour. And so forth, over India. That books of such travel as this should be written still is notable. One wonders why. And yet, those who have made the trip themselves *do*, somehow, like to go over the ground again, and to find out whether the author has noticed the things one has noticed oneself, and to be immeasurably delighted if one can find him missing, or being mistaken about, them. For the superior person, who's "been there," the tourist's chronicle of his tour will ever have a sinister interest.

* * *

### "The Magic of May"

I don't quite know why the very talented lady who writes as "Iota"—(she once wrote *The Yellow Aster*, chiefly notorious because it was *not* "The Green Carnation")—should have called her new novel *The Magic of May* (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*). This insipid and pseudo-poetic title ill befits so really forcible a novel. It treats of the psychology of a girl who is

described by one of the characters as a "degenerate Jane Eyre." The position in which the heroine is found at the opening of the story is truly Brontësque (if Mr. C. K. Shorter will pardon intrusion into his sphere). She is hated by her mother because she too strongly resembles her father, from whom her mother has been divorced. She is brought up to believe that her stepfather, a graceful and vicious nonentity, is her father, but one day discovers the real truth; announces to her horrified mother that she loathes him, and is sent away from home to stay with a clergyman in the country. Now comes the remarkable part of the book. Eleanor, though a bare child, has a religious feeling all her own. She is something almost new—a sort of Christian pagan. She worships and makes heroes, not of mere mythological creatures, but of the patriarchs of Scripture, particularly of King David. When, upon the house of her clerical relative—whom she succeeds in converting to her odd beliefs—there descends a boy fellow-pupil, Ronnie, she idealises him, so that he becomes *her* David. That, he remains through the book, though, as he grows older, he enters the Army and goes to India. During his absence, her affections stray; she thinks herself in love with another man, Hector—an heroic sort of fellow—and marries him. Hector thinks she loves him; and Ronnie himself is under the same impression. All three, in fact, are deceived as to the real state of the curious woman's affections, until a dramatic *dénouement* decides the real state of them—*i.e.*, that she is faithful, after all, to her David. I cannot call this an exciting novel, but it is an exceedingly thoughtful one, which focuses the attention on a curious woman's character in a most irresistible fashion. It treats the psychology of love with power and originality, and the mystical theology of the book is, in these days of gropings after truth, decidedly alluring.

* * *

**"The Butcher"**

Mr. Arthur Applin's *Butcher of Bruton Street* (Grant Richards: 6*s.*) is a thrilling, but decidedly morbid, piece of work. The personality of the surgeon, Sir Brooke Haigg in whose surpassing surgical skill lurks the suspicion of vicious cruelty, is creepy—not the sort of man one cares to read about in a dim light in an empty house. That such a man should, however, exercise a fatal fascination over the woman who has sought his aid is admissible. A fine novel might have been made had the author treated the theme with less sensationalism and more subtlety. *The Butcher of Bruton Street* has, probably, his prototypes in real life—who certainly exercise such power over women. There was no need for Mr. Applin to exaggerate the type. A little restraint, and a little more plausibility, and his novel might have completely outdone Mr. Maartens's *New Religion* as an *exposé* of specialist sin. As it is, it is merely something to be read, shuddered at, and—hidden from one's girl-folk.

*Photo* *Halftones, Ltd.*

**The Virility of Catholicism: Part of the Procession of Forty Thousand Laymen in the New York Centenary Celebrations**

The climax to the series of rejoicings in which the Roman Catholics of New York have been indulging in celebration of the centenary of the foundation of the Catholic Diocese in the city was the procession of forty thousand laymen, who paraded before St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was watched by Archbishop Forley and the Irish Prelate, Cardinal Logue, from the Cathedral front. The scene of democratic simplicity surpassed in impressiveness, says the American papers, even the grandeur of the Roman ritual. We illustrated a part of the ceremonies last week

# Beauties of Bettws-y-Coed

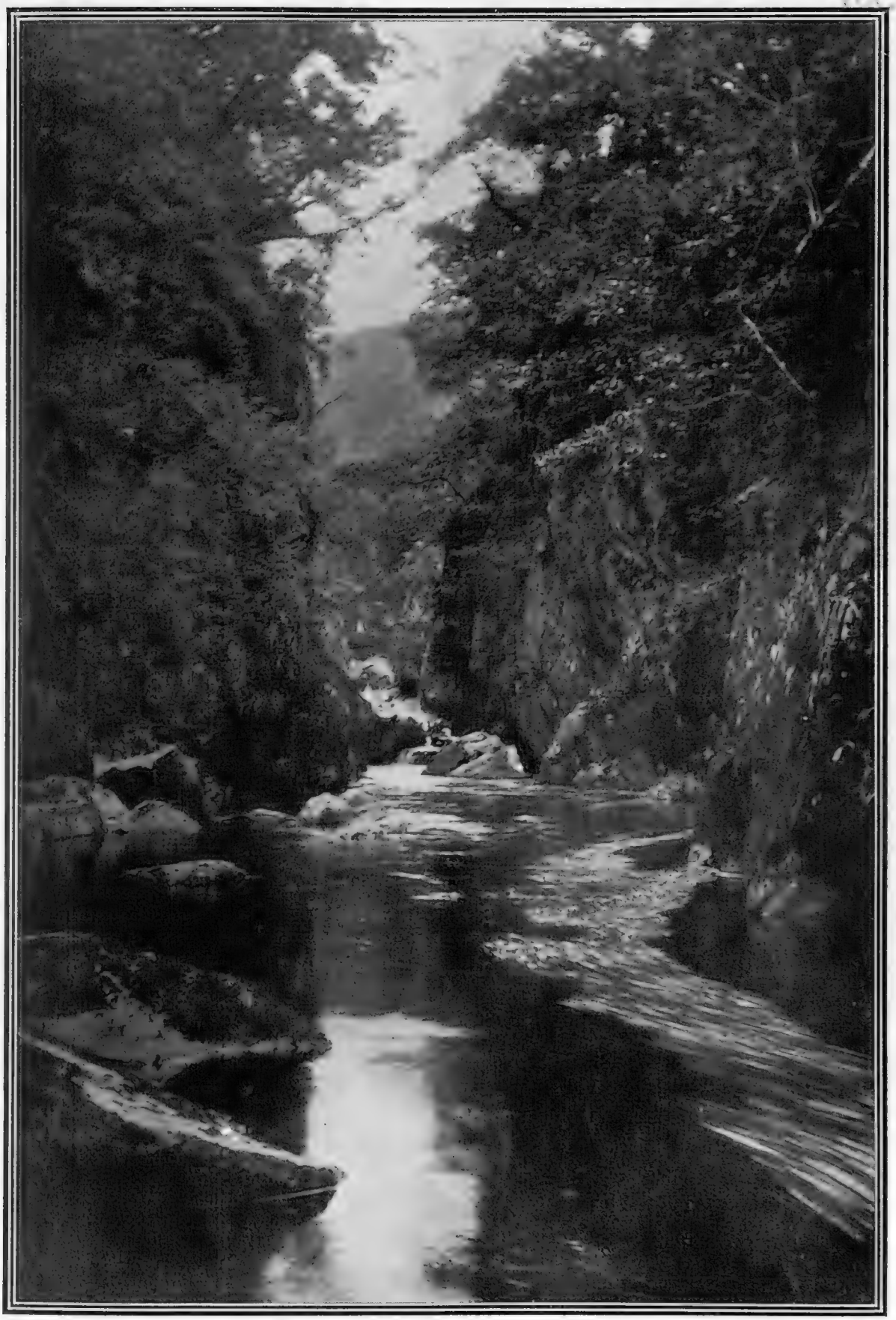

*Photo* *H. W. Joel*

IN THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY SPANNED BY THE MINER'S BRIDGE

One of the most fascinating spots in North Wales. Here the Llugury forms a series of small waterfalls, with a deep pool below each, overhung by rocks both large and small, and pleasantly shaded by dwarf-oak, ash, and other trees. A very romantic sight near the entrance to the Fairy Glen is a Welsh peasant, deprived of his sight, who sits in a small wooden shelter, singing Welsh national songs in a fine, deep voice of melancholy strain for which the Welsh, as a nation, are so far-famed

*Photos*

**Throwing the Javelin**

The correct position for throwing in the original style

# OUTDOOR LIFE

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES, POLO, GOLF, THE GARDEN, CRICKET, TENNIS, RACING

*Halftones, Ltd.*

**Throwing the Discus in the Greek Style**

The discus is lifted over the head and swung back with both hands, but finally thrown with the right hand only, as shown above

### Rather Frosty

I have already expressed my fears as to whether the Olympic business is not being rather overdone, and they have since, to some extent, been justified. From the point of view of public interest the racquets competition was a comparative failure. Much the same may be said of the Covered Court Lawn Tennis, which likewise suffered from its close proximity to the Covered Court Championships.

### The Covered Court Lawn Tennis Matches

It is true that the International element, thanks to the enterprise of Sweden, was forthcoming, but the knowledge that Sweden's best players are at present hardly a match for our best, left very little room for doubt that the final of each event would be mainly a family affair—between members of the John Bull family. So that, as A. W. Gore had already won the Covered Court Championship, it was almost a foregone conclusion that he would win the Olympic Gold Medal too, with one of his most dangerous opponents, A. F. Wilding, out of the way. And naturally only a few came to see him do it. The Doubles went to Gore and Roper Barrett (last year's English team in the Davis Cup) without producing anything specially entertaining in the way of double play; but there was some excitement over the Ladies' Singles owing to the unexpectedly brilliant, though curiously fitful, form of one of the Swedish players, Mrs. Wallenberg, followed by a lively set-to in the final between Miss Eastlake Smith and Miss Greene, in which the former avenged a defeat sustained last autumn, and thereby gained the distinction of being the first woman in the world's history to gain an Olympic first prize.

### An Overloaded Programme

Personally, I regard the introduction of comparatively modern games like golf and lawn tennis, or even tennis and racquets, into the Olympic programme as a mistake, and when the Olympic Games were revived, the idea, I take it, was to keep alive, and encourage competition in, the games at which the athletes of ancient Hellas excelled; and although I do not go so far as to say that the Olympic programme should be confined to jumping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the javelin, and wrestling, yet I do think that it should only embrace sports which have some claim to the title "ancient," and are of such a nature that they can be held in the Stadium itself. The distinctive feature of the Olympic Games of olden days was that they were the occasion of the gathering together, once in every four years, at one place, of a vast concourse from all parts of Greece, and Greece in those days was divided up into a number of small but perfectly independent nations. Similarly the Olympic Games of to-day should bring together a concourse of the nations of the civilised world, and probably will do when there is a definite spot, like the Stadium, at which they can gather together.

"RANJI"

*Photo* *Sport and General*

**Professional Golf at Burhill: The Jam of Nawanagar (better known to fame as "Ranji") looking on**

To celebrate the opening of the five new holes on the Burhill Golf Club's new course, a professional tournament was held on May 9

# The First Match of the Polo Season

*Photo* *Sport and General*

The Duke of Westminster, one of the Hurlingham Team

*Photo* *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Duke of Roxburghe Mounting a Spirited Pony

TWO DUCAL PLAYERS AT HURLINGHAM

## POLO. By A. W. C.

### The Start of Polo

At Hurlingham last week it was exceedingly pleasant to see two good teams engaged in a well-contested polo match, for the delay occasioned by the continuous wet for more than a week had become very irksome to followers of the galloping game. The sides were Hurlingham and the Freebooters, the latter being the present holders of the Champion Cup. Of course, they did not have Mr. Francis Grenfell in the field, that gentleman being now in South Africa with his regiment, but there was a strong player, Captain C. de Crespigny, to take his place, and the team gave a very satisfactory display considering the backward condition of their ponies and the dead state of the ground. I do not think that any member of the side shone out conspicuously during the afternoon, but among their opponents I was much impressed by the fine all-round work put in by the Duke of Westminster.

### Two Dukes in Polo

The progress which the Duke of Westminster has made during the past three or four seasons has been remarkable, and if he goes on at the same rate I expect that we shall find him adorning the Recent Form List. Not only does he handle his ponies a great deal more

*Photo]* The First Polo Match of the Season: Hurlingham v. Freebooters at Hurlingham [*Sport and General*

# Golf: The Coming Championship

effectively than he used to do, but he times the ball well, and gets in his strokes at difficult angles. For the Freebooters the Duke of Roxburghe was playing at back. He is by no means a showy player, nor should I call him a pretty horseman; but he shows a sound knowledge of the tactics of polo, and puts in an immensity of hard work and strong hitting. Time was when his backhanders were a trifle uncertain, but one could not fairly level that reproach at him now, and I always recall his display in the final tie of the Champion Cup last season as one of the best things in the way of sturdy, never-tiring back play that it has ever been my good fortune to witness on the polo field.

*Photo* *Dixon*

**A Golfing Cricketer: A. S. Johnston (Essex) at the Finish of a Drive**

At Sunningdale, on May 10, Essex (A. S. Johnston and A. H. Read) beat Warwickshire (H. W. Bainbridge and J. E. Hill) in the final of the Cricketers' Inter-County Tournament by 2 and 1, after a match which was remarkable for its closeness and the good golf displayed

## GOLF

By ERNEST LEHMANN

### The Coming Amateur Championship

We are now within very close range of the great events of the golfing year. The curtain rings up, so to speak, for the St. George's Challenge Vase, one of the most important scoring events provided for amateurs. This year that competition has an extraneous interest added to it, for out of the ranks of the competitors are to be chosen those who are to do battle for the old country in the Olympic golfing events. I believe, to speak by the card, that the twenty best scorers at the end of the two rounds are to be the chosen Olympians, provided, I suppose, that they are able and willing (with the accent on the latter word) to take part in that extended and rather painful ordeal which will await them in the first week of June. We know at any rate one competitor who has announced his decision to take part if he survives the St. George's Vase ordeal, and that is Mr. Horace Hutchinson, but I have no knowledge how other leading golfers mean to act. Mention of his name gives me the opportunity, on behalf of my readers and myself, of offering him our heartiest congratulations on the honour which the Past Captains of the Royal and Ancient have conferred on him by nominating him as the Captain of the premier Club for the ensuing year. The appointment reflects equal honour on the bestowers and the recipient of it.

### Changes at Sandwich

We now know that the course at Sandwich has undergone some alterations. Apparently no change occurs till the ninth hole, where the old sixteenth green takes the place of the old ninth. This makes the ninth a good two-shot hole, and correspondingly lengthens the tenth hole. The eleventh is slightly lengthened by placing the green on the site of the old twelfth tee, which latter is placed further seaward. There is an entirely new sixteenth hole more to the right than the old one, and about the length of a full cleek shot. The seventeenth hole is, therefore, approached from the right-hand side, the hole being otherwise unaltered. The last hole is considerably lengthened, as the green has been placed right beyond the old boundary paling, two rakers being now necessary to reach it. I have heard nothing as to any alteration in the first hole, which is presumably the same, though the original idea was to have the tee much further back.

*Photo* *Sport and General*

**The Bucks Otter Hounds at Stamford: Helping a Junior Member of the Hunt over a Stream**

### An Invidious Task Unattempted

Prophesying the outcome of the Amateur Championship is almost as invidious an occupation as addressing a crowd of Suffragettes in favour of a Liberal candidate at a by-election. I, therefore,

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# The Rose and Its Enemies

leave that doubtful pleasure to others. My readers will have noted the names of the various winners at the recent Spring meetings of the leading clubs. I shall reserve my comments for performances and not anticipations. Two words may be permitted me—one of rejoicing, the other of regret. The joyful fact is the prospect of seeing Mr. Charles Hutchings once more competing (his 82 at St. Andrews the other day is a good augury); the regret is the probable absence of Mr. Maxwell, whom we can ill spare from an Amateur Championship.

## THE GARDEN. By H. C. DAVIDSON

### The Enemies of the Rose

The fashion of the pergola has enormously increased the number of roses grown in gardens, and as every addition means another opportunity for insect and fungoid pests of various kinds the task of combating them is no light one. The National Rose Society has just issued a most useful little book, "The Enemies of the Rose," which will assist the gardener in this unpleasant duty. It is rather alarming to learn that there are no fewer than five parasitic fungi and twenty-eight insects which attack the rose, but by means of the excellent coloured plates it is easy to identify them. And that is half the battle, for when once we know what we have to contend against we can take the necessary protective measures. Nor is the case quite as bad as it seems at first. Of the five fungi only one, mildew, does serious damage, and as most of the insects are either comparatively rare or else not capable of doing much harm, we are left with only two, caterpillars and grubs, and aphides or greenfly. These, however, are unfortunately so well-known that it is probably in connection with the others that the gardener will consult the book. There are the frog-hoppers or cuckoo-spits, for example, insects found on most roses, but especially on the Ramblers. In order to destroy the frog-hoppers the froth with which they are covered must first be syringed off with clean water, and the bushes must then be syringed with a decoction of nicotine and soft soap. This will kill most other insects also.

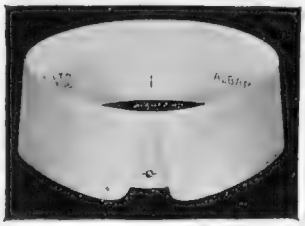
**The Picturesque Pergola**

The increasing popularity of the pergola, and the consequent large addition to the number of roses in our gardens, makes the subject of how to combat the pests which spoil the blooms of especial interest to gardeners. The rose tree is subject to the ravages of no fewer than five parasitic fungi and twenty-eight species of insects

### Insecticides

Insecticides may be divided into two classes—those which kill by excluding oxygen and those which act upon and poison the system. Substances which are used in the form of vapour may belong to either class, or to both. Most of the insecticides which contain soap, oil, or other adhesives, belong to the first class. Unlike the higher animals, insects breathe by means of pores situated in different parts of their bodies, and if these pores are stopped up they must die. In the case of aphides it is comparatively easy to stop up the pores, spraying with soapy water alone being often enough; but in the case of such insects as hairy caterpillars it is extremely difficult, for the hairs prevent the liquid from reaching the skin.

# LINEN FOR MEN'S WEAR.



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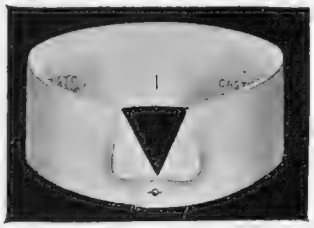

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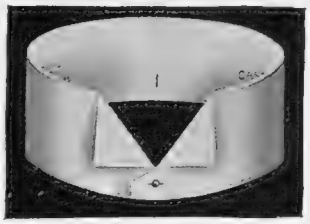

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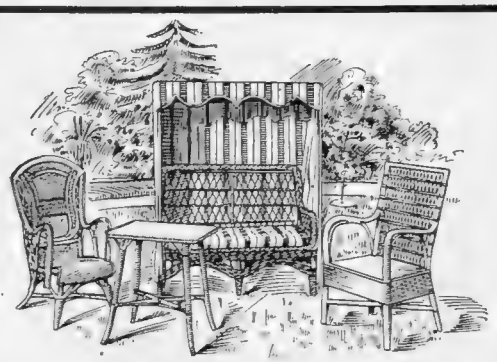

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# The Winner of the Jubilee

## TENNIS

### Jay Gould's Third Big Win

In 1906, Eustace Miles had his work cut out to beat Gould in the Championship round; last year, the pair had another tough fight, and Gould just won; this year, Miles went over to America for the American Championship, but was beaten with less difficulty than before; and on Saturday, at Queen's, he was again beaten with still less difficulty. This means that the older man has remained practically stationary, while the younger has been improving day by day. If he goes on improving at his present rate he should soon be the best player, either amateur or professional, in the world.

## RACING: DERBY PROSPECTS. By Carbine

### What Will Win at Epsom?

Only a fortnight now for the Derby! The race will be an extraordinary one in an International sense, as America will be represented by the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, France will have the much-talked-of Sea Sick II., and old England will try to find something to beat them both. Of all the tips for the race the most sensible was that given by Mr. Henry Chaplin, whose advice practically amounted to this—follow public form and back Norman III.

### Norman III.'s Chance

A great deal depends on the Payne Stakes, to be run at Newmarket on Thursday. Here Norman III., if it is decided to run him, will have a searching test. He is called upon to give 7lb. to Perrier, Mountain Apple, and White Eagle, all of whom have been seriously thought of in connection with the Derby. Perhaps they will not be asked to face the Two Thousand winner this week, but in any case Mr. Hall Walker will surely start Elm Twig, who receives no less than 18lb. If Norman III. proves to be good enough to give all that weight away and win the Payne Stakes over a mile and a half course, then I don't think we shall have to look much further for our Derby winner. If he does score on Thursday, you may expect to see Mr. August Belmont's colt become a fairly warm favourite for Epsom. One of the most interesting of the Derby candidates is Mountain Apple, and the public would very much like to see him in public at least once before June 3.

### The French Colt with the Ugly Name

A friend, who is one of the best judges of racing in France, bids me beware of Sea Sick II. He tells me that the good reports of this colt have not been exaggerated, and some of the shrewdest people on the French Turf think he has a first-rate chance at Epsom. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has fully decided to let him run in the English race, but it will be as well to wait until he has arrived safely at Epsom before supporting him. Mr. Atty Persse has a wonderfully strong Derby hand with Sir Archibald, White Eagle, and Royal Realm, but the first two have got to come on enormously in order to beat Norman III. The same may be said of Perrier, who so sadly disappointed us at Newmarket. There may be doings at Newmarket this week which will cause me to revise my ideas of the Derby, but my present selection is **Norman III.**, and for those who like a "long shot," something at about 20 to 1, I do not see anything better than Llangwm.

*Photo* *Sport and General*

**Mr. A. F. Basset's Hayden Winning the Jubilee**

In anticipating Malua's success, and taking Hayden as a second string, we were not far off the mark in the Jubilee Stakes on Saturday. Mr. A. F. Basset's horse made an easy win, beating Mr. W. Clarke's All Black by four lengths

### Selections

No doubt Royal Realm, of whom so much has been heard lately, will be brought out for the Newmarket Stakes on Wednesday. Perrier is said to be a doubtful starter, though I cannot see what harm another race could do a colt inclined to grossness. Of the rest, Mercutio is probably the best, but the race looks good for **Royal Realm**, and on the same afternoon **Coastwise** should win the Spring Stakes. I have already indicated my belief in **White Eagle** to win the Payne Stakes on Thursday, and I hear that **Quixotic** is expected to take the Three-year-old Handicap. At Gatwick on Friday, **Solar System** should win the May Handicap.

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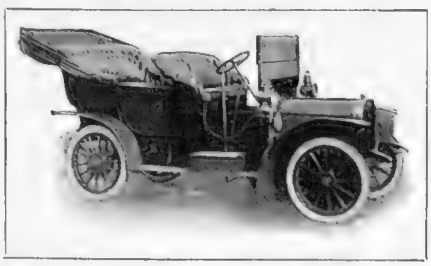

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# Olympians of the Racket

## YACHTING

### The 15-Metre and "A" Classes

I have already said something about the four first-class cutters and the exceptional interest which will attach to their doings during the forthcoming racing season. But they do not by any means exhaust its possibilities. There is the second, or 15-metre, class, to which many of us will probably still prefer to apply its more homely and more familiar label, "the 52-footers." Here we have another new boat, designed, like *Shamrock IV.*, by Fife for Mr. A. K. Stothert and named *Mariska*, while the older members of the fleet are *Britomart* (Mr. W. P. Burton), *Lucida* (Mr. Last), *Shimna* (Mr. J. R. Payne), and *Ma'oona* (Mr. Almeric Paget). In this class the rivalry is so keen, the racing so even, and the handling of the boats so perfect, that, in the opinion of many, it yields even better sport than the big class. There will also be some fine racing in the "A" class, the largest class of all for boats above 23 metres, or, in other words, for the big schooners, yawls, and ketches; for the International rules make no provision for cutters in this class, it being well established that for boats over 75ft. (23 metres) in length, the cutter rig is dangerous and not to be encouragd. Here we shall find the German Emperor's magnificent schooner *Meteor*, and the Empress's *Iduna*, with *Clara* and *Susanne* (English built but foreign owned), competing against the best of our own boats, including the handsome *Cicely*, recently acquired by Mr. Cecil Whitaker, and, probably, Mr. Claude Cayley's *Adela*.

### The Opening of the Season

The season begins as usual with the Channel matches of the New Thames Yacht Club, from Southend to Harwich on May 30, followed by Harwich Regatta on June 1. A couple of days' rest will intervene before the races back from Harwich to the Thames (June 4). It has further been arranged that a special race for German yachts, from Bremerhaven to Harwich, will start on May 28, so that the competitors, which will include *Meteor*, *Iduna*, *Clara*, and *Susanne*, will arrive in time for Harwich Regatta, at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (Commodore of the Royal Harwich Y.C.) is giving a cup for the "A" class. There will also be a race for the "A" class included in the Harwich-to-the Thames matches on June 4. Altogether the season will have a fine send off, and Harwich Harbour on "Harwich Sunday," May 31, should present quite a memorable spectacle.

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**Mrs. Henry Lamplough (Miss Eastlake Smith)**

The first woman to gain an Olympic gold medal. She was married on the 13th inst. to Dr. H. W. Lamplough, of Alverstoke

*Photo* *Sport and General*

**Jay Gould**

The young American tennis champion, who came from America specially to defend his title to the English championship at Queen's Club on Saturday, and is playing in the Olympic contest this week

## ROWING

### The Eights at Oxford

It is a little difficult to realise that Eights Week at Oxford begins to-morrow. Only about a fortnight ago I went up for the day to take a look round, and verily the appearance of the river and the surrounding meadows—or, rather, of the meadows and the surrounding river—made one wonder whether the month could possibly be May. Naturally enough, coaches and crews alike have had an anxious time, and, with the majority of the crews in the state which is euphemistically termed backward, the result will probably be some exciting racing. Christchurch are head boat, but are by no means certain of stopping there. Magdalen, the second boat, ought, at any rate, to bustle them. Behind Magdalen are New College, who are going to prove, or disprove, the efficacy of swivel rowlocks; while behind them again are Trinity, who are (perhaps, and perhaps not) courting disaster in a boat which has been described contemptuously as a freak. However, be their boat what it may, they are better together as a crew than most of their rivals. University have neatness without much pace; St. John's are a rough but powerful crew; Balliol are about on a par with "Univ."; while Merton are perhaps the liveliest crew on the river for the first part of the course, and should be very dangerous up to the Gut. Of the first eight boats above named, I am inclined to pick New College, St. John's, and Merton as most likely to improve their positions.

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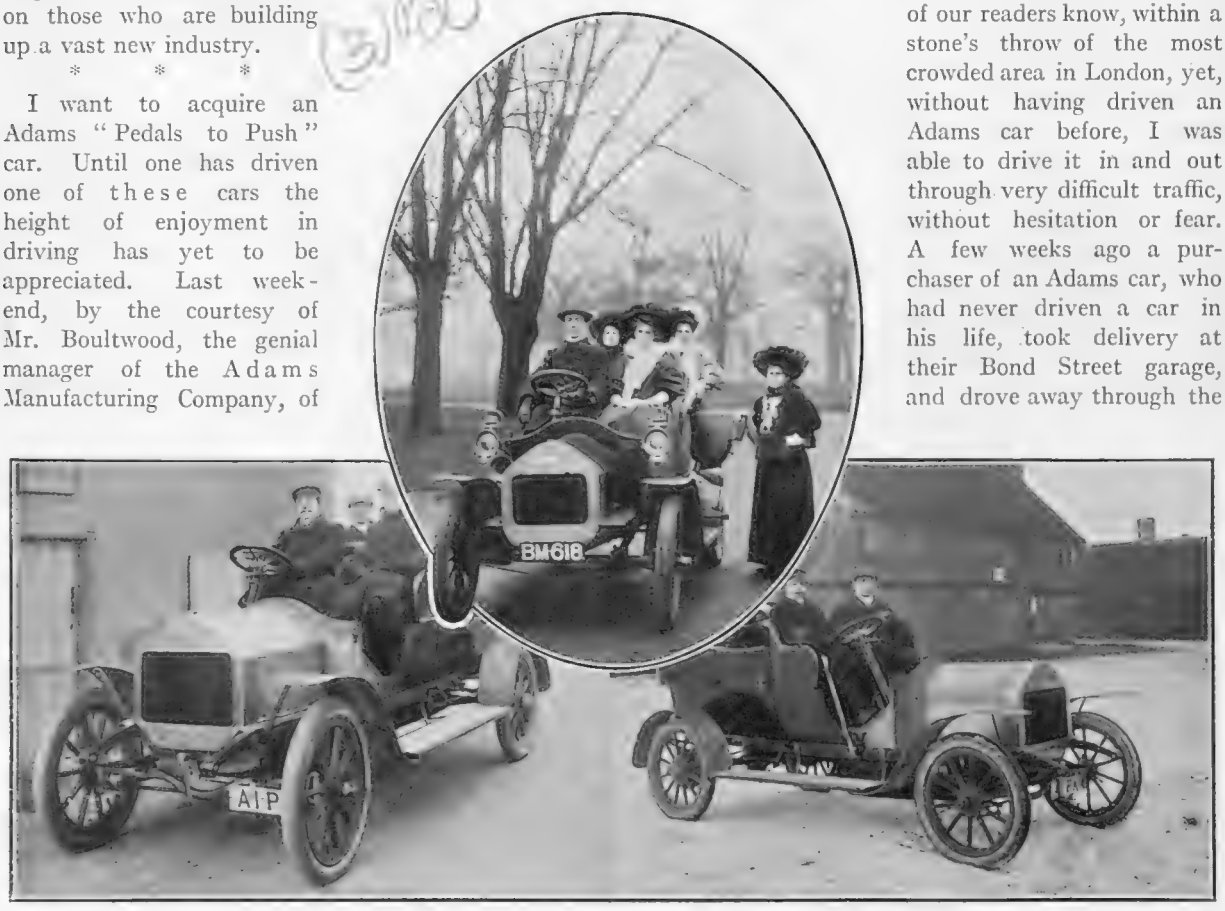
# Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Respited! For the next twelve months at least motorists are free from a restricting tax on the industry which, for the past ten years, has made the most headway of any of our manufactures. The Premier is so able a man of business that he may well hesitate before he places additional liabilities on those who are building up a vast new industry.

* * *

I want to acquire an Adams "Pedals to Push" car. Until one has driven one of these cars the height of enjoyment in driving has yet to be appreciated. Last week-end, by the courtesy of Mr. Boultwood, the genial manager of the Adams Manufacturing Company, of New Bond Street, and Bedford, I was lent a 10 h.-p. Adams car. A representative from their office explained the mechanism, which was simplicity itself. There are three pedals to push, one for low gear, one for high, and one which acts either as brake or as reverse. There are no such things as a clutch or speed levers; all one has to do is to press the low-speed pedal, and, when the engine is running fast enough, to change to top speed one presses the top-speed pedal, when the lower speed automatically releases itself. The engine is a single cylinder, with, as is well known, an enormous fly-wheel. The car runs with absolute silence, and its flexibility in traffic is particularly noticeable, for it is very easily controlled by the pedals. The Bystander office is, as most of our readers know, within a stone's throw of the most crowded area in London, yet, without having driven an Adams car before, I was able to drive it in and out through very difficult traffic, without hesitation or fear. A few weeks ago a purchaser of an Adams car, who had never driven a car in his life, took delivery at their Bond Street garage, and drove away through the traffic then and there. The Adams car is in great demand in the Colonies, especially for the use of ladies, who appreciate pedals to push instead of having to de-clutch and use a side lever for their gears.

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* * *

The meetings of the Brooklands Motor Racing Club are becoming quite social functions, and at the second gathering this season, which took place last Saturday, the attendance, if not large, was certainly select. Almost the most interesting feature of Brooklands is

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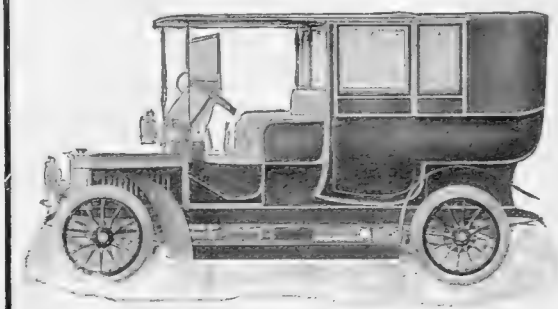

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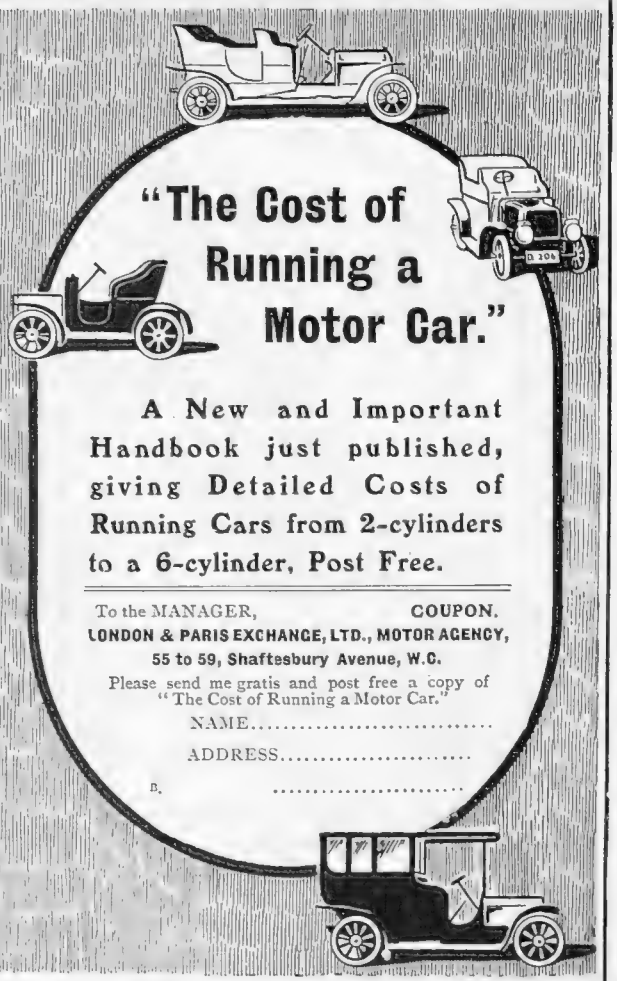

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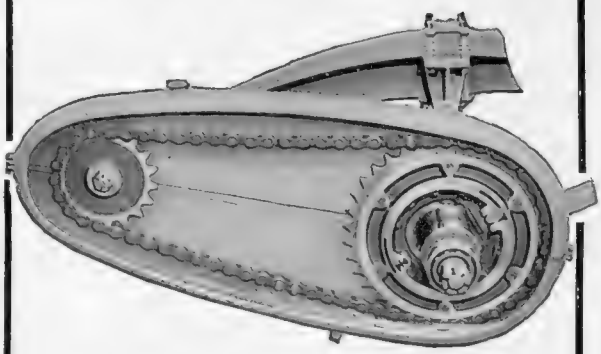

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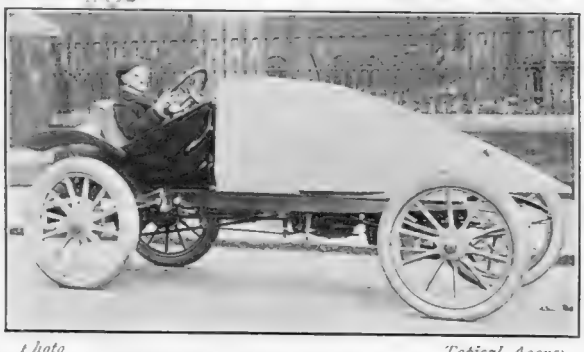
the long procession of cars as they drive up to the entrance. There are cars of all sorts and sizes, from the powerful and dignified Daimler to the fussy and useful little two-seater runabout. It is these processions, by the way, which seem to have got on the nerves of some of the residents near the Weybridge track, about whose woes we have been hearing so much in the Courts during last week. It was indeed sad to hear that whereas Weybridge used to be fragrant with the scent of pines it is now fragrant with the scent of petrol, but I am afraid that if motor traction is to increase at its present rate, the perfume of petrol will become almost the predominant scent everywhere in our land. To return to the meeting proper, it was interesting to note the success of the Ford cars in the All-Comers Race. A 22-25 h.-p. Ford, the property of Mr. Perry, was first, while another car of the same make came in second. A splendid race was the 90 h.-p. one, which was an exciting contest between Resta on a 76 h.-p. Mercédès and Newton on a 90 h.-p. Napier, the former eventually winning with fifty yards to spare. It is worth noting, by the way, that four "firsts," four "seconds," and two "thirds" were fitted with Dunlop tyres. I noticed that the 5*s.* enclosure had been thrown into the half-crown one. The latter is now a large, roomy, and comfortable one, and had its quantum of bookmakers, who seemed to be doing a flourishing business.



*t hoto* *Topical Agency*

**A "Mite-y" Motor Racing Monster!**

The above formidable looking car is nothing but an 8 h.-p. Reynold-Jackson, fitted by its enthusiastic owner with a large racing bonnet. This is another example of the interest taken in motor racing by small private owners

The latest addition to the motor vehicles in our streets is the service of Pullman Motor 'Buses running from Queen's Gate to Portland Place, thus tapping the heart of the West End traffic. Shod with Michelin pneumatics and detachable rims—a new departure in heavy traction—these luxurious cars are fitted with beautifully upholstered arm-chair seats, and are tastefully decorated in brown and old gold. The gold-braided conductor declines to accept fares of less than sixpence, irrespective of the distance travelled! Whether this innovation will accord with the democratic spirit of the times remains to be seen. Meanwhile, I have heard this 'bus termed, not inappropriately, the "snobbus."

* * *

The M.Y.C. racing programme shows that races have been fixed for every Saturday until the end of September, but the leading fixtures may be summarised as follows: June 27, Motor-boat Gymkhana; July 4, Eliminating Trial to choose British representatives for the B.I. Cup, Eliminating Trials to choose British representatives for the Olympic races; July 11, Olympic races and a Handicap for Auxiliary Cruisers; July 13, *Enchantress* to Brighton; July 17, Brighton to *Enchantress*; July 18, Races for M.M.A. classes B. and C., and for the M.Y.C. restricted classes and a scouting competition; July 30 and 31, Fifth Annual Efficiency Trials; August 28 and 29, Annual Regatta; September 5, Sea Mile Record Challenge Trophy and Motor-boat Gymkhana. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

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# FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

An early inspiration that remains with us is the vogue of the serge suit. This is seen everywhere, both here and in Paris.

It is impossible quite to determine what influence is the most directly responsible for the phase of good sense that has set in with regard to the short skirt, which is now actually walking length, and not the tiresome half-and-half thing of yore. We have ceased to compromise, and now wear unmitigated trained *jupes* or the *trotteur*. For the which let us send up many silent prayers of thanks.

### Care in Colour Selection

With the prevailing craze for unusual, and hitherto untried, shades, such as cinnamon, *moutarde Français*, prunella, canary yellow, and banana, a warning betimes may be welcome as to the necessity for exercising care in the selection. For example, from out the average dark brown hair, cinnamon, brought into proximity, takes every bit of life and brightness, rendering the hair dull by comparison. Banana —the which is the season's offering of the champagne *nuance*—demands the clearest, freshest complexion, absolutely free of any suggestion of sallowness. Prunella, perhaps, is the safest to exploit, but, together with all purplish tints, this is only for those who have passed their very first youth, for prunella, charming as it is from an artistic standpoint, is decidedly on the sad side. Notwithstanding, milliners are preparing to make much of it, certain up-to-date leaders in the *en-tout-cas* world evincing an inclination to follow suit.

**A Charming Successor to the Kimono**
Fashioned in heavy-weight Shantung of dark Japan blue, with an under-bodice of spot net
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

### Messrs. H. J. Nicoll and Co., 114-120, Regent Street

From the sheep to the wearer is the gist of two small illustrated booklets lately issued by this firm. The perusal has interested me exceedingly, as a great admirer of Messrs. Nicoll's enterprise in offering absolutely sound things at popular prices. Their standard price of two and a half guineas, which will secure either one of the far-famed Coveralls, the material for which has been put through a process of rainproofing, registered as "Quicksilver," or a heavy type of wrap-coat, is unquestionably moderate. One learns from these little brochures how all the fabrics used by Messrs. H. J. Nicoll are produced at their own mills in Ireland. Various aspects of the mills are illustrated, together with the whole fabricating process, from the arrival of the fleece in a natural state to its final made-up condition. We see spinning, weaving, carding, scouring, and dyeing.

### A Repetition For Which Pardon Is Craved

Last week I succumbed to the irresistible temptation to tell, while the thought was fresh with me, of a successor to the kimono craze. This week there is a picture of the affair in one of its several guises. A heavy-weight Shantung is suggested by our artist in a dark Japan blue shade, with under-bodice of spot net. The rest of the detail is altogether delightful, including the closely pleated frill of lace, which concludes the high pin-tucked collar of tulle. The latter again fashions the inner vest, enclosed within a deep tucker of the spot net, drawn up on an untarnishable gold or silver cord. It will, perhaps, be recalled that at the back this bodice takes a V shape.

### The Scarf as an Evening Adjunct

Although the opportunities of judging evening attire as a whole have been small up to the present, still we have sufficient data to go on to vouch for the continuation of the long, picturesque scarf as an adjunct. Indeed, it is by no means apparent—save to the few—how all-important this accessory is to the individual *modiste*, who makes play with it in a host of graceful and permanent fashions. In the case of an ethereal mist-grey satin, there was worn a scarf of moonlight-blue gauze, embroidered merely at both edges and very deeply at the ends with mingled gold and silver, and here and there a moonlight-blue sequin. The centre of this scarf was drawn to the centre of the high

The Bystander, May 20, 1908

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 233.—Vol. XVIII. Wednesday, May 20, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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IMMEDIATELY ADJOINING THE BEAUTIFUL ST. PAUL'S CRAY COMMON.

**CHISLEHURST (Kent).**—"THE GORSE." *Over 300ft. above sea, commanding fine open views.*

Elegantly appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE; perfectly secluded position. 12 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms, spacious lounge hall, 2 staircases, fine galleried landing, servants' hall, and usual offices. Detached stabling for 2. Shady and undulating pleasure grounds, sloping lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, and glasshouses.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, AND WATER.

Costly fitments; excellent repair. Possession on completion. Will be SOLD by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on June 11 (unless previously disposed of privately).—Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ADJOINING STANMORE GOLF COURSE.

BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OVER STANMORE PARK AND GOLF COURSE.
FINE OPEN POSITION. 275ft. ABOVE SEA.

**STANMORE.**—"THE CHANTRY."—For SALE, picturesque and well-appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, ½ mile of station, and far from noise and dust of motors. 10 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, 2 staircases, 3 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, lounge hall, and ample offices. Stabling for 3, coachman's quarters. Tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds, flower garden, tennis lawn, rosery, kitchen gardens, and well-timbered paddocks, in all about 4 acres. Company's water and gas, main drainage. Excellent repair. Will be SOLD in two lots, at the Mart, E.C., on June 11 (unless previously disposed of privately).—Illustrated particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

About 20 minutes from Town, 2 minutes from Station.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

**NORTHWOOD.**—"CLAREMONT."—For SALE, valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, comprising a *comfortably arranged house in high, bracing position, with fine open views.* Lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 2 staircases, ample offices.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

ornamental flower lawns, arranged in terraces, double tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and 2 paddocks, in all about 5½ acres, with main road frontages of about 400ft. and 200ft. respectively, AFFORDING SPLENDID SITES. Company's gas and water; electric light in road. Will be SOLD by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on June 11 (unless previously sold privately).—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.
*Exceedingly well-planned RESIDENCE in convenient position.*

**FAVOURITE LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.**—An unusual opportunity is afforded to either RENT, Unfurnished, or PURCHASE the above handsome modern RESIDENCE, owing to the present tenant going abroad. The Residence is partially creeper-clad, expensively decorated, and

FITTED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Carriage drive with entrance lodge, entrance hall, 3 well-proportioned reception rooms, billiard room (24ft. by 19ft.), 11 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath with douche, spray, etc., usual offices, servants' sitting room, wine cellars, and photographic dark room. Stabling for 3. Kitchen and pleasure gardens, good tennis lawn, vinery, peach-house, greenhouse, etc.; more land may be had. Gas and Company's water.—For price, rent, and further particulars, apply to HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON THE GLORIOUS SURREY HILLS.
*350ft. above sea. Beautiful and Extensive Views.*
ONLY 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
Good Sporting. A mile from Station.

**MERSTHAM.**—"COPPICE LEA," very choice and favourably positioned Freehold Residential Property of 77 acres, including

MEDIUM-SIZED MODERN RESIDENCE

*of picturesque design and substantial erection. Lounge hall, excellent reception rooms, unusually fine billiard and smoking rooms,* 2 staircases, 11 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, and ample offices. Stabling for 7; entrance lodge; 2 cottages. Company's water; excellent repair. *Tasteful pleasure grounds, Dutch garden, rosery, croquet and tennis lawns, shrubberies, kitchen gardens, glasshouses, and park-like meadows and woodlands.*

Will be SOLD by AUCTION, June 2, in one or two lots (unless previously disposed of).—Details of DEBENHAM, TEWSON, RICHARDSON and Co., 80, Cheapside, E.C.; or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ENTIRELY ON TWO FLOORS.

**REGENT'S PARK** (quiet position, just out of Avenue Road).—The 14 years' LEASE of this charming RESIDENCE, built entirely on 2 floors, and held at the very low rent of £100 per annum, to be ASSIGNED for a moderate premium. 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good kitchen, and offices. In beautiful order. Conveniently fitted.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**DETACHED.**
**NON-BASEMENT.**
**LARGE GARDEN.**

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST.

350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. SANDY SOIL.

**SUSSEX** (in a beautiful district, and about 1¼ hours' train journey of London).—To be SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, a compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY, comprising the above commodious Residence in shady grounds of about 14 acres, with long carriage drive and lodge at entrance: lounge hall (24ft. 6in. by 22ft.), 4 reception rooms, conservatory (about 24ft. by 14ft.), 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; Company's gas; modern drainage; stabling for 4; small farmery; the grounds are well-timbered and very pretty, 2 excellent tennis courts, 2 ornamental ponds, productive walled kitchen garden and paddocks.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,888)

UNDER 1 HOUR OF TOWN.
STATION ¼ MILE.
10½ ACRES. FAMILY RESIDENCE.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.

**FOR SALE,** at a low figure, the above attractive and substantially built RESIDENCE, standing in pleasure grounds of 10½ acres. The House is in perfect order, commands beautiful views, and contains: 4 reception and billiard rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, and complete offices; beautifully timbered pleasure grounds; stabling for 6; motor-house and pit; farmery; lodge; gas and Company's water.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,590)

WELSH BORDERS, AMIDST MOUNTAIN SCENERY.
HISTORICAL ESTATE OF OVER 1,100 ACRES.
TROUT FISHING, GOLF, AND SHOOTING.

**FOR SALE,** an attractive SPORTING and RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of over 1,100 acres, including the above imposing stone House, standing 400ft. above sea level in a well-timbered park, and commanding lovely views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, private chapel, conservatory, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete domestic offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5 horses; beautiful old-world pleasure gardens; entrance lodge, 2 cottages, several farms, and various small holdings. Gross rent roll £1,432 15s., outgoings £122 14s. 9d.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,737)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

*Jewels, pictures, plate, furniture and valuables are received daily for early sales. Contents of Town and Country Residences Sold on owners' premises. Sellers and Executors should consult* Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, *9, Conduit Street, W.*

EXCELLENT HUNTING-BOX.
500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
OVER 20 ACRES. 14 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
GOLF LINKS ADJOINING.

**FOR SALE, OR TO BE LET,** Furnished, a charming HUNTING-BOX, standing in grounds of over 20 acres: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 14; attractive pleasure grounds; telephone laid on; nearest station 2 miles. Price, photo, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,897)

1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
BORDERS OF HANTS AND SURREY.
SANDY SOIL. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

**FOR SALE,** at a low figure, a compact FREEHOLD ESTATE of 155 acres with an attractive Mansion, standing high in well-timbered parkland. The House is in thorough repair, and fitted with every comfort, and is lighted by electricity: 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 10; farmery, cottages, etc.; matured pleasure gardens.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,425)

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

**SUSSEX.**—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,904)

ON THE SUMMIT OF NOTTING HILL.

**FREEHOLD OF AN ATTRACTIVE** semi-detached RESIDENCE for SALE, containing: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 3 ground-floor reception rooms; access to ornamental grounds in rear. (7,330)

A GREAT BARGAIN.

**£1,700 WILL PURCHASE** the Lease of a commodious RESIDENCE in Inverness Terrace, close to Kensington Gardens. It contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, handsome drawing room, dining room, morning room, large library or billiard room, etc. (7,613)

**CAMPDEN HILL.**—The LEASE for SALE of an attractive cottage-style RESIDENCE, enjoying delightful views. There are 6 or 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, studio, etc. In good order and decorated with taste. (7,590)

A FEW DOORS FROM PARK LANE.

**FOR SALE,** the Trust LEASE of an important MANSION, possessing every modern attribute, including passenger lift, 3 baths, electric light and bells, etc.; there are 13 bed and dressing rooms, and 6 splendid reception rooms, and commodious stabling, motor garage, etc. (7,834)

NOTORIOUSLY HEALTHY DISTRICT.
VIEWS EXTENDING OVER 30 MILES.
SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. COMPANY'S WATER. GAS. HEATED.

**35 MINUTES FROM TOWN,** yet amidst some of the most beautiful scenery in the Home Counties.—To be SOLD, the above attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with picturesque half-timbered gables, occupying a superb situation, and surrounded by 20 acres of pleasure grounds, woods, and meadows, the great charm of which is their natural beauty, involving only a very moderate upkeep. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom (plans already prepared for enlargement if necessary); first-rate stabling and cottages.—Inspected and very highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,655)

**NORFOLK.**—To be LET, the above well-furnished RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered park-like grounds, with nice drive; the House stands on gravel soil with south-west aspect, and contains: entrance hall, 4 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and complete offices; gas laid on; excellent coach-house and stabling; the grounds are well timbered, and include fine lawn for 3 tennis courts, and good kitchen garden.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 46)

**SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.**—To be LET, Furnished, a beautiful old JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, standing in heavily timbered old-world grounds. The accommodation comprises:

beautiful old panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices and stabling.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,283)

**FOR SALE,** a small dainty HOUSEBOAT moored by Boulter's Lock, Maidenhead, in perfect order. It is exceptionally water-tight, and accommodates 3 persons and servant, and is fitted with very superior spring beds (1 double) and solid oak furniture made to fit; the cabin comfortably seats 6; beds and everything in it new last summer. Price, with furniture, dinghey, etc., complete (and ready for immediate occupation on choicest spot on Thames), £150 or offer. Great bargain.—Apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

# KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

# MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

**COLCHESTER** (about 2 miles from the town and 3 from the station, with excellent express train service to London).—The highly attractive Freehold PROPERTY known as "BLENHEIM," situated within easy reach of Colchester Camp, and convenient to golf links and yacht anchorage; picturesque and substantially built gabled Residence, as above, in excellent repair, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 5 reception rooms, conservatory, and ample offices; capital water supply; modern sanitation; electric light; stabling for 3 horses, coach and motor-house; gardener's cottage and studio; beautifully timbered grounds, kitchen and vegetable gardens, rchards, glasshouses, and paddock, in all over 6 acres.

**MESSRS. WALTON and LEE**

(in conjunction with Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold privately).—Particulars, plan, and view of Messrs. HARDISTY, RHODES, and HARDISTY, Solicitors, 17, Great Marlborough Street, W.; Messrs. HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

**IN THE MOST FAVOURITE PART OF HERTS** (2 miles from a main line station, and within easy distance of London), occupying an exceptionally healthy and bracing situation, 450ft. above sea level, and commanding views of unsurpassed beauty and extent.—To be SOLD, the above handsome modern MANSION, standing in a finely timbered park, on the site of an ancient Manor House, together with an unusually attractive and well-timbered Freehold Estate of about 120 acres (all grass). The Residence, which is on two floors, is admirably planned, soundly constructed, and thoroughly well finished, and contains some fine panelling; very complete outbuildings, stabling, coach-house, men's accommodation, etc.; the premises are lighted by electricity; beautiful and well-matured gardens and pleasure grounds; a capital home farm with house and steading; 6 cottages; hunting and golf accessible.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (22,351)

**£1,250 WILL PURCHASE** the above very attractive FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 250ft. above sea level, CHARMING SURROUNDINGS, station 2½ miles. Ashdown Forest and golf links 5 miles. Church, telegraph, and telephone 5 minutes; 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, etc.; pretty terraced gardens, orchard, and paddock, in all 2 acres; shed for pony; good water and drainage, and in first-class order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,624)

## ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

### FREE ON APPLICATION.

**MESSRS. WALTON and LEE** publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

**HOOK HEATH, WOKING** (close to the golf links).—For SALE, an exceptionally charming and artistic COUNTRY HOUSE and 9 acres, in a high and healthy situation, with lovely views, about 20 minutes' walk from the station, ½ hour from Waterloo: 9 bedrooms, large and lofty reception rooms, panelled lounge hall; additional bedrooms can be added at small expense; beautiful and inexpensive pleasure grounds, rose garden, tennis and croquet lawns, conservatory, glasshouses, ornamental water, meadow, and heathland; capital gardener's cottage, and farm buildings.—Inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,657)

40 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

**HERTS (Kings Langley;** ¾ mile from a main line station).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, charmingly positioned on the slope of a hill, 100 yards away from the road, and commanding views over undulating and well-wooded country. The House contains: large lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 attics, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling, carriage house, and man's rooms; attractive grounds of about 10 acres; gas and water laid on; good sanitation, and soft water supply.—Sole Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,721)

BETWEEN HARROW AND HENDON.

**A CHARMING LITTLE PROPERTY,** situate only a few miles from London, amidst absolutely country environments, might now be PURCHASED or RENTED upon advantageous terms. It comprises a quaint and picturesque House of moderate size, in attractive grounds of about 2 acres; near good golf links; carriage drive, with lodge, stabling, etc. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,244)

**ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT** (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—5,000 gns. will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

AMIDST LOVELY WOODS, ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

**AN EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY** in Surrey might now be secured, by a prompt buyer, upon advantageous terms. It is situate under a mile from a station, whence London is reached in about 45 minutes, and comprises a charmingly picturesque Residence in grounds of singular beauty. The House contains: lounge and inner halls, drawing room, dining room, study, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; it is admirably appointed throughout, and in the best possible order; electric light installed; Company's water, and good sanitation; stabling for 6; carriage house, motor-house, etc.; entrance lodge and coachman's cottage. The superb grounds and "old-world" gardens form a special feature; they embrace large croquet lawn, tennis lawns, bowling green, etc., and are sheltered by fine forest and ornamental trees.—This choice Property has been personally inspected, and is strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,134)

**SUSSEX COAST** (splendidly positioned, commanding unequalled marine and inland views).—The exceptionally choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "FAIRLIGHT LODGE," about 2½ miles from Hastings, comprising the above picturesque old-fashioned Residence, containing: 4 reception and 14 bedrooms, etc., together with convenient stabling and farmery; beautifully wooded grounds, and park-like pasture surroundings, the whole extending to an area of about 27 acres, 0 roods, 1 perch; hunting with the East Sussex Hounds, within easy reach of 3 good golf courses, and in the midst of desirable social environments.

**MESSRS. WALTON and LEE**

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, June 2, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold privately).—Particulars of Messrs. WALKER, MARTINEAU and Co., Solicitors, 36, Theobald's Road, Gray's Inn, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL MARINE AND MOORLAND SCENERY.

**SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY** (between: 1 mile from the coast, with good bathing, 2 miles from moors, 4½ miles from Scarborough).—For SALE, the above desirable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, on gravel soil, with stabling, farmery, charming gardens, grounds, and meadowland, in all nearly 20 acres; first-class trout fishing on the Property: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large lounge hall suitable for full-sized billiard room, drawing and dining rooms, and offices; electric light; modern drainage and other conveniences; House could easily be added to if required.—Inspected and highly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,753)

**TO GOLFERS.—Sandwich and Deal Golf Links** (near).—Price, 4,000 guineas (Rent, £175) for the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 17 acres: stabling for 8; 2 cottages; charming grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and meadowland; 12 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, conservatory, servants' hall; Company's water; a mile from station, 2 miles from the sea.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,422)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

# HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

## ONE AND A QUARTER HOURS OF LONDON.

**GUNNERY.** (1¼ hours of London).—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, the above attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in exceptionally pretty well-timbered grounds of nearly 3 acres: entrance hall, 4 good reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; good outbuildings, conservatory, greenhouse; hunting with 3 packs; fishing; gravel soil. Price, £2,700.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,507)

30 MINUTES OF CITY.

**KENT** (in a lovely part).—An exceptionally well-built artistic Freehold RESIDENCE in well-shrubbed, tastefully laid-out grounds: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. An exceedingly choice Property. Price, £2,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,521)

A SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY.

**WINCHESTER DISTRICT.** — To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with grandly timbered old grounds and pasture-land extending to over 40 acres, standing high, commanding lovely views: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; cottages.—Price and full particulars of Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,519)

1 HOUR OF LONDON.

**BERKS** (on the G.W. Ry. main line).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, beautifully situated in one of the healthiest parts of the country, standing in its own charming grounds and park of about 20 acres. It contains: 4 good reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, farmhouse and buildings, cottages.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,698)

**TAUNTON** (9 miles from).—This handsome HOUSE, standing 400ft. above sea, in the midst of 150 acres, for SALE: 20 bed, bathrooms, 5 reception rooms; pleasure grounds with abundance of oak and other timber, delightful walks, wide lawns, productive gardens, etc.; stabling; farmery, cottages etc.; hunting 4 days weekly.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,476)

**NEW FOREST DISTRICT.** — Charming old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds of about 2 acres running down to the river, with good boating: lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; 2 cottages. Price, £2,250.—Inspected and recommended by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 6,912)

AT A VERY MODERATE FIGURE.

**SURREY** (within a few miles of Dorking).—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE, beautifully placed, well away from the road and motor dust. It is approached by a long avenue of limes, and stands in its own exceptionally well-timbered, tastefully laid-out grounds of about 16 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, greenhouses. The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, morning room, drawing room, dining room, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 6 horses, 2 cottages; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 4,522)

THE BEAU IDEAL.

RENT, £400.

**SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS** (on high ground, sandy soil; sheltered South aspect).—The above GENUINE ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, amid grand old-world grounds and timber: 14 bed, oak-panelled hall, 3 or 4 reception; electric light; stabling, motor-house; in all 12 acres. Rent, £400, on Lease.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NEAR NOTED HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

**£1,600.**—Over 650ft. above sea level, commanding good views, grounds of 2 acres, paddock, and orchard: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, pretty verandah, conservatory; stabling for 2; cottage; extra land can be had.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,447)

## TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

BETWEEN HENLEY AND MARLOW.

**THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE**, on high ground, to LET for the Summer: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception; motor-house; delightful old grounds.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 149)

EXCELLENT FISHING IN THE TEST.

**FOR THE SUMMER.**—A charming RESIDENCE, in pretty grounds, sloping to the river: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling. ½ mile from station.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 156)

NEW FOREST.

**BEAULIEU** (near).—The above picturesque BUNGALOW, standing on high ground, to be LET for the Summer: 5 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms, verandah, etc.; large gardens.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

**NORTH WALES COAST, BARMOUTH.**—Well-Furnished RESIDENCE for the Summer or longer: 8 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. Excellent boating, fishing, etc. Uninterrupted views.—Photos of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,692)

**35 GUINEAS.—FARNHAM DISTRICT.**—18 bed, 4 bath, 5 reception, billiard; stabling; beautiful grounds, large lake; electric light, etc. Photos. (F 176)

**25 GUINEAS.—LEWES** (near).—13 bed, bath, 4 reception; stabling; 25 acres. Would be LET for a year. (F 187)

**20 GUINEAS.—IPSWICH** (6 miles from).—12 bed, bath, 3 sitting; stabling; close to river and overlooking Harwich Harbour; 24 acres. (6,062)

**20 GUINEAS.—ON THE RIVER.**—Beautiful gardens: 9 bed, 4 reception, bath; stabling, etc. (7,288)

**18 GUINEAS.—ON THE BROADS.**—5 principal bedrooms and servants'. 4 reception, bath; stables; large grounds. (6,860)

**15 GUINEAS.—HERTS.**—6 reception, 11 bed, bath; stabling; tennis lawn: 6½ acres: 1½ miles station. (F 71)

**20 GUINEAS.—ST. ALBANS** (within easy drive of).—Picturesque RESIDENCE: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; grounds, 15 acres. (7,394)

**10 GUINEAS.—ESSEX.**—30 minutes' express service: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception; large stables; lawns, etc. (F 37)

**12 GUINEAS.—ESSEX AND CAMBS. BORDERS.**—12 bed, bath, 4 reception; stables; shady lawns; excellent coarse fishing; partridge shooting. (4,380)

**10 GUINEAS.—CORNWALL COAST.**—7 bed, bath, 3 reception; stabling; grounds, etc. (7,197)

**10 GUINEAS.—MAIDENHEAD.**—On high ground: 8 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard; motor-house; tennis court; 1 acre. (F 177)

MESSRS. HARRODS will be pleased to forward full particulars of the above and of other Properties on receipt of requirements. Offices, Brompton Road, S.W.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2561 & 2562

# Mr. F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT,

72. VICTORIA STREET. LONDON, S.W.

SURVEYOR, VALUER.

EASY DISTANCE OF WALTON HEATH GOLF LINKS.

**TO BE LET,** Furnished, for 3 or 6 months, this old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, situate nearly 600ft. above sea level. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, usual offices, butler's pantry; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house; beautiful old garden of 1½ acres, shrubberies, tennis lawn, kitchen garden. Rent, 5 to 7 gns. per week, according to period.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (S 661)

OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—An opportunity occurs of securing on moderate terms a delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of 15 acres, in the choicest part of the county. The House is most substantially built, stands on a breezy knoll, and commands beautiful views of the Cotswold Hills: lounge hall and fine oak staircase, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, full domestic offices, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; delightful park and grounds, with full-sized croquet and tennis lawns, walled-in kitchen gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; trout stream; golf links near; good hunting country.
For price and rent apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,209)

IN THE CHARMING LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.

**THE ABOVE INTERESTING OLD JACOBEAN** MANOR HOUSE, suitably Furnished, to be LET for 3 or more months. The accommodation consists of lounge hall, richly carved oak staircase with dog gates, panelled dining and drawing rooms, morning room, 7 bed and dressing rooms (3 panelled), bathroom (h. and c.), ample offices; stabling for 4 and groom's room; beautifully timbered grounds. Rent, 10 gns. per week.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (S 665)

BERKS.

**£1,500 WILL PURCHASE** the above picturesque old RESIDENCE, situate in an old-world Berkshire village, within 5 minutes' walk of the Thames, 2½ miles of station, whence Town is reached in just over the hour: lounge hall, dining, drawing rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3, coach-house or garage; well-timbered grounds, including tennis or croquet lawn. Would be LET on Lease.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,187)

SOUTH DEVON.

**THE ABOVE EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT** FREEHOLD RESIDENCE for SALE, standing in very attractive grounds of nearly 4 acres, in a lovely sunny part of Devon, in the neighbourhood of Bovey Tracey: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; hunting, fishing, and golf in the neighbourhood.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,211)

AMONG THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

**TO BE LET OR SOLD,** this charming GOTHIC RESIDENCE, occupying a picturesque situation and enjoying enchanting views. It is expensively fitted, a feature being the handsomely carved pitch-pine woodwork. Approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge. The accommodation comprises: fine entrance hall leading to inner hall, handsome staircase, elegant drawing room with stone arch and marble pilasters, boudoir, dining room with fine ceiling, library, ample offices, servants' hall, butler's pantry, laundry and ironing room. Above are 15 bed and dressing rooms, large room admirably adapted for billiard room, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 8 horses, coach-house, 2 rooms over; the grounds are beautifully timbered, ornamental plantations with banks of rhododendrons, through which winds a trout stream crossed by a rustic bridge, tennis lawn, etc.; fruit and vegetable gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; shooting over 1,500 acres may be rented. Rent and price on application.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,193)

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**A MOST CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY** of about 8 acres, rarely to be met in so complete a form.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD,

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BILLIARD ROOM. | 5 RECEPTION ROOMS. | 9 BEST BEDROOMS. | 3 DRESSING AND 2
MUSIC ROOM. | ELEGANT SQUARE HALL. | 4 SERVANTS' ROOMS. | BATHROOMS.

LARGE STABLING, 2 COTTAGES, ETC.

The pleasure grounds include tennis lawn, bowling green, kitchen garden, flower and fruit gardens, etc. Farmery of 42 acres may be rented. Whole in perfect order.
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**WITHIN THREE HOURS OF TOWN,** and less than 2 miles of market town and station.—To be LET, this fine old JACOBEAN MANSION, well and appropriately Furnished, surrounded by exceptionally attractive grounds and a well-timbered park; long drive with lodge at entrance: entrance hall, study, statuary gallery with fine pictures by early Italian masters, dining room, double drawing room (56ft. by 19ft.), billiard room, well-stocked library, fine oak staircase to upper floor, where are 28 family, visitors' and servants' bed and dressing rooms; the stabling accommodation includes 8 stalls and 5 boxes, and in addition to a large coach-house there is a motor-house with pit; large riding school, easily adaptable for a ballroom; the pleasure grounds are widely known for their beauty, and include Italian and rose gardens, etc.; the shooting extends to 2,000 acres, of which 142 acres are well-placed coverts.
For all further particulars, apply Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (E 1,202)

Telephone: Victoria 2702.

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Telegrams: "Courtlike, London."

BUCKINGHAM GATE, S.W.

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An Entrance Porch.

**Large or small Flats for permanent Residences, or as "pieds-à-terre."**

**Also a number of Furnished Flats to be Let for the London Season or longer periods.**

Within easy reach of all Theatres, Clubs, and the West End Shopping Centres, close to Buckingham Palace, Parks, Army and Navy Stores, and the Victoria Stations.

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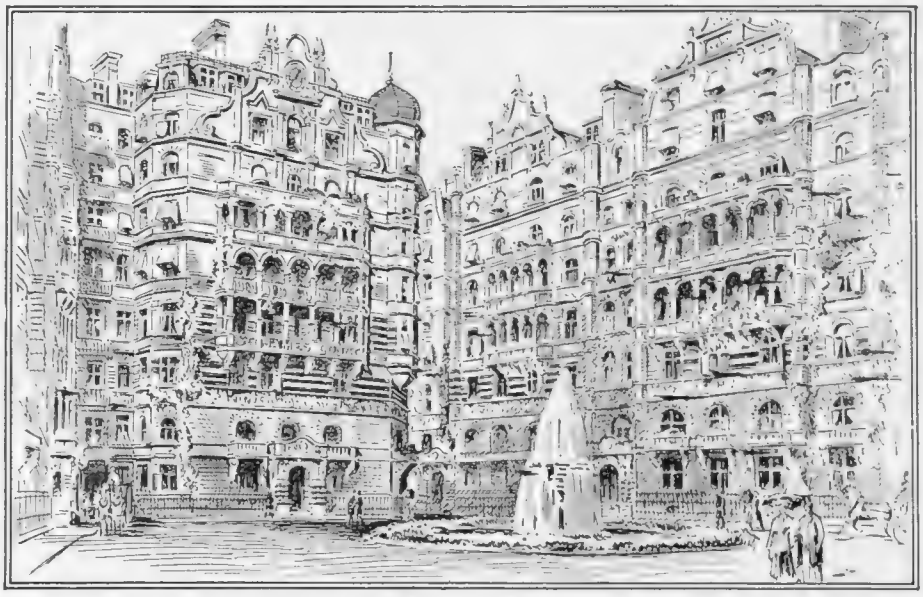

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**From £90 to £700 p.a., inclusive of Rates and Taxes.**

**FURNISHED SUITES from £3 3s. to 20 gns. per week.**

A descriptive illustrated booklet, giving every detail, will be forwarded on application to:—

**The Estate Office, St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.**

# BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

The Best in the World.

*STRENGTH & PURITY GUARANTEED.*

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Sanitary, Absorbent Antiseptic

**For Safeguarding Health.**

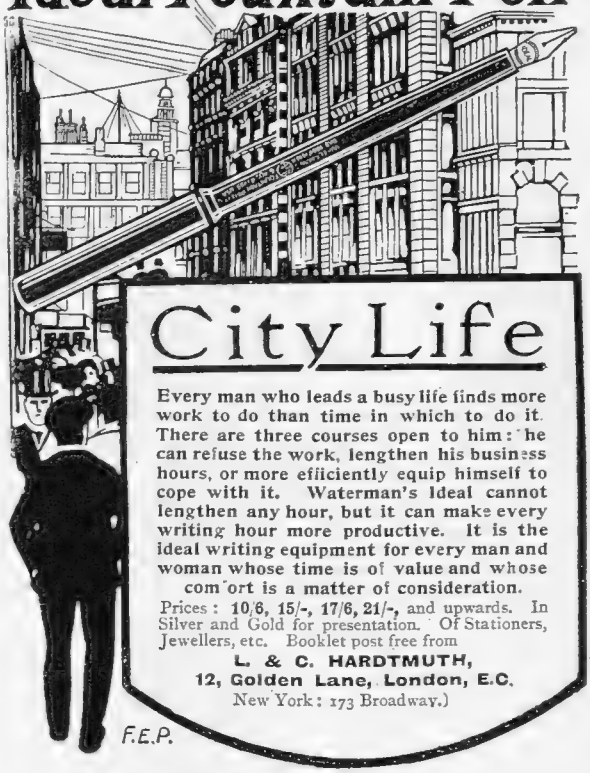
A convenience at less than cost of washing.

Sold by all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists, in silver packets containing one dozen at 6d., also manufactured under their improved Patents, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-.

**A Sample Packet,** containing 6 towels in the 4 standard sizes, post free in plain wrapper, for 6 stamps, from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull St., Birmingham.

**Southalls' Compressed Towels**—tiny silver packets only 2¼ in. long. Size A, price 1d. Size B, 1½d. Size C., 2d.

# Waterman's *Ideal Fountain Pen*



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Every man who leads a busy life finds more work to do than time in which to do it. There are three courses open to him: he can refuse the work, lengthen his business hours, or more efficiently equip himself to cope with it. Waterman's Ideal cannot lengthen any hour, but it can make every writing hour more productive. It is the ideal writing equipment for every man and woman whose time is of value and whose comfort is a matter of consideration.

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F.E.P.

# The Pick of the Bunch

Plantol Soap may well be called the "Pick of the Bunch." IT REALLY IS SO, for it embodies the choicest essences of Flowers and Fruit.

No better soap could be used.

No gentler soap can be found.

## For the Toilet.

# PLANTOL SOAP

If your dealer does not stock Plantol Soap, no doubt he will do so at your request. It will pay him, for once you have tried Plantol you will always use it.

***GUARANTEED FREE FROM ANIMAL FATS.***

Floral Bouquet, 6d. and 3d.; Natural Bouquet, 4d. and 2d.

P 2 LEVER BROTHERS, LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND. The name Lever on Soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

waist in front, where it passed through a great barbaric buckle, the ends, after passing over the shoulders in a close, rather severe style, falling down the back of the skirt sash-wise.

Sometimes two scarves are requisitioned to form the required *mouvement*, one for either side, when, as will readily be surmised, there are falling ends in front as well as at the back. The possibilities of the severely classical satin evening toilette in connection with these scarves are untold. The scarves can be manœuvred in a variety of graceful effects, added to which the choice in design and colourings safely keeps at bay the bugbear monotony.

### A Group of Fascinating Neck Fitments

Here once more I bow my head to possible reproof, having heralded all these pictured presentments in my last week's chat. But, ye fates! how much more eloquent in these modistic matters is the pencil than the pen! At the top of the group we have the Toby frill, revived under truly graceful and becoming auspices, effected, in this particular instance, in a pleated net, run at the edge with the tiniest lace edging.

Three Fascinating Neck Fitments

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A faithful portraiture is accorded the *délicieuse* tulle ruffle for outdoor wear, tied about the centre with a broad soft ribbon, finishing in loops and ends, which must be adjusted just at the back of the left ear. Although I see no reason why a useful sewing-maid should not renovate the ephemeral tulle part of these pretty fitments, in the beginning it is wisdom and economy to requisition the skill of those who are expert. There is more than the lay mind wots of in these trifles.

To the remaining item of the trio has been accorded the honour of a head. Even so, the complete *éclat* cannot be realised, since the particular *cachet* lies in the contrast of the deep, very slightly draped, gold *galon* neck-band and the *rouleau* tucker of *crêpe lisse*.

Beware of Imitations and Falsifications.
CARLSBAD SPRUDEL-SALT
Prepared by the Municipality of CARLSBAD
is the NATURAL and ONLY GENUINE Salt.
FOR DISEASES OF THE LIVER, DIABETES, CONSTIPATION, &c.
Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.
SEE THAT THE WRAPPER ROUND EACH BOTTLE BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF THE SOLE AGENTS:-INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD. LONDON. LIVERPOOL & BRISTOL.

ROWLAND'S
KALYDOR
FOR THE SKIN
Produces soft, fair, delicate skin, heals all cutaneous eruptions, and insures a lovely delicate complexion to all who use it.
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PREVENTS the Hair from falling off.
RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
IS NOT A DYE.
Of all Chemists and Hairdressers, Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.
Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG Co., Ltd., 33, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Weedy Lawns
Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, etc.
TRANSFORMED
TRY IT NOW
MOSS DAISIES, Etc., DESTROYED, and a BEAUTIFUL SWARD of FINE-COLOURED GRASS QUICKLY PRODUCED
BY "CLIMAX" LAWN SAND.
Tins, 2/-, 3.6; 28 lbs. to dress 100 sq. yds., 6/-; 56 lbs., 11/-; 112 lbs., 20/-; 5 cwt., 90/-.
All Carriage Paid. Every enquiry invited. Thousands of users can testify to its efficiency
BOUNDARY CHEMICAL COY., CRANMER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

A Sample Tablet will be sent post free for 4 penny stamps
ALLEN-BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET SOAP.
Deliciously Fragrant. Absolutely Pure. Suited to the most delicate skin. Box of 3 tablets, 2/8 post free.
To be obtained of The Misses ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S., Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex
ALLEN-BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET SOAP
Also sold by the ARMY & NAVY STORES, HARROD'S STORES and KENDAL, MILNE & CO., MANCHESTER.

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TURKISH CIGARETTES.
By special appointment to H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES and the late DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
The Standard of Luxury in Smoking; made from the purest Turkish Tobacco. Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most Critical Tastes.
Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.
100, post free. 6/6. Sample 10 for 1/-
V. MARICH & Co. (Malta): (Dept. B.), Billiter Buildings, London, E.C.

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THRESHER'S NEW MODEL

Tailor-cut and made entirely on the Premises

New Season's Patterns in all Materials. Price List, Patterns, and Self-measure Forms on application.

Hosiers and Outfitters to Their Majesties the King and Queen.

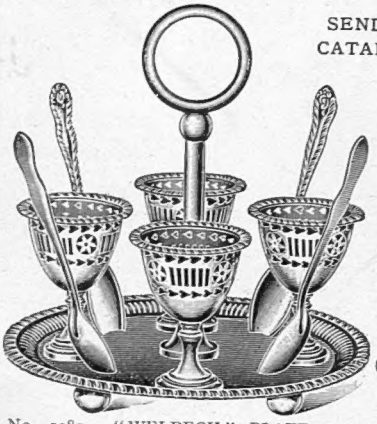
THRESHER & GLENNY
152 & 153, Strand, London, W.C.

# THE Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

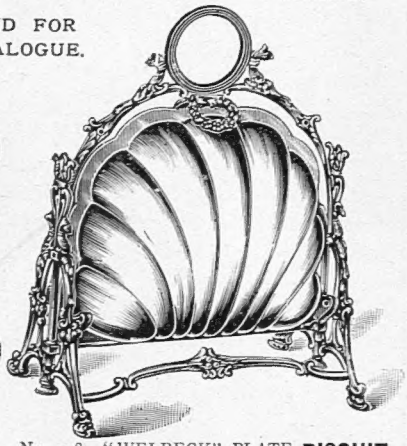
The COMPANY possesses the finest and choicest stock of Silver and Plated Table-ware to be seen anywhere, at exceptionally moderate prices. Buy direct from the actual makers and save intermediate profits.

AN INSPECTION INVITED—NO SOLICITATION TO PURCHASE.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



No. 5181. "WELBECK" PLATE **EGG STAND.** Quite new. Four Cups. Complete, with Spoons .. **£1 15 0**



No. 538. "WELBECK" PLATE **BISCUIT CASKET, £3 15 0.** Richly Gilt Inside **10/-** extra.

*West End Showrooms—* **188, OXFORD ST., W.** | *City Showrooms—* **125, FENCHURCH ST., E.C.**

**LONDON**

# Peebles Hotel Hydropathic.

**THE MOST SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND IN GREAT BRITAIN.**

Electric Light. Passenger Lift. Lovely Grounds and Scenery. Pure Bracing Air. TENNIS, CROQUET AND BOWLING GREENS. **GOLF**—New 18-hole Course. **GOOD FISHING. MOTOR** Garage, etc. Motor Cars for hire. Daily Excursions with Motor Char-a-Banc.

All the latest **Baths** and **Electric Treatment** for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, etc. Resident Medical Specialist.

A. M. THIEM, Managing Director.

# TURKISH RÉGIE

THE ONLY GENUINE IMPORTED TURKISH CIGARETTES

PRICES— 3/6 TO 13/- PER 100

CIGARETTES

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

# Goddard's Plate Powder

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# DISINFECTANTS

Fluid, Powder and Soaps.

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SANITARY POLISH

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"RONUK" LTD PORTSLADE nr BRIGHTON

**CAUTION.**—Beware of imitations. See the word

"RONUK"

(The Registered Trade Mark of the Company)

on every package.

# A Woman's Note Book

### The Cult of the Ordinary

A writer in a contemporary has been making out that we are at that rather unpleasant stage of human civilisation when to be original, or rebellious, or out of the ordinary, is the chief of desires. But, dear me, like the princess in the fairy tale, our writer must have gone to sleep quite twenty years ago, and awakened without exactly understanding the epoch in which she lives. For harken to this statement! "Eccentricity has become the fashion." The fashion! It is as much out of date as rebellious parents and harmless novels. Nobody takes the trouble to be eccentric nowadays; there is nothing to be gained by it, not even envy or admiration. For we are all become free enough to do as we choose, and, therefore, the large majority choose to lead quiet, inoffensive lives in a diligent pursuit of their own tastes, and without any desire to attract attention. That is such a well-worn trick; so many thousands have already attracted attention. To-day is the reign of the ordinary, and never was there any time in which it seemed easier to be orthodox, simple, and unassuming, without in the least getting despised for it.

### No Sensations

I must own to liking ordinary people. You know where you have them, and what you may expect of them, and they give you no unpleasant electric shock sensations. We only make fusses about what we can't have. When girls were mistrusted, and their footsteps dogged, they arose in their wrath and demanded latchkeys; but now parents recognise that their daughters are happy, healthy sorts of creatures who don't a bit want to do anything out of the bounds of propriety; the girls themselves have ceased to clamour, and insist, and swagger. There still remains eccentricity to be found lurking in unsatisfied corners, but it is never present merely for the futile reason that it desires to show itself.

### What Shall We Do With Our Girls?

The Exhibition of Woman's Work at Prince's Skating Rink opened on the 11th, and is certainly an advance, both by scope and treatment, in the subject which it wishes to force upon public attention. There is no doubt that such an exhibition always acts as a stimulus to those who are willing and able to work, that it even strengthens the purpose of that more aimless section of girlhood which wants to earn a living and doesn't know how to. But the chief need in these days, when women must work and are often so sadly blundering in their efforts, is to train young girls in topical ideas and business habits. Norwegian girls, for instance, are brought up to understand that they must adopt a profession, and so they are not amateurish. Now, English women are naturally amateurish. They live in a system which renders it possible to have one eye upon home-life and the other upon that vague term, a "career," to the detriment of both. There is no reason why domesticity and a profession should not go happily hand in hand, but this means that the claims of each are recognised by a strong sensible personality, not that there is weak vacillation between them.

LADY PHYLLIS.


*There's a Reason for "Wincarnis."—It Helps the Weak and Nourishes the Sick.*

COLEMAN'S

"WINCARNIS"

THE ROYAL RESTORATIVE WINE TONIC.

Recommended by over 8,000 Doctors.

A PARTICULARLY GOOD "PICK-ME-UP"

The existence of a power tending to health and strength, of a "*Vis Medicatrix Naturæ*," has been recognised from the earliest times. We know that the natural tendency to health is strong, and will often prevail even in the most adverse circumstances; but we also know that such tendency is often very weak, that it fails to overcome, or that, whilst it is fighting the battle, its resources, its "commissariat," so to speak, fail. In such cases we know that assistance must be given from without by those means, or agents, capable of assisting nature in regaining strength, of aiding her in the combat against disease.

**NURSE HODGSON** says: "Having used 'Wincarnis' for over ten years I can very highly recommend it as a reliable restorative, especially for exhaustion after Influenza. I have suggested 'Wincarnis' as a tonic freely to my patients, as I find it gives far more strength than any other tonic or medicine."

**NURSE VERNEY** writes, March 13, 1908, 26, Wallan Rd., Canonbury, N.:—

"NURSE VERNEY thanks Messrs. Coleman for the free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis' applied for and duly received. She thinks it an excellent tonic and restorative, and will have much pleasure in recommending it to her friends and patients."

TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS.

Send three penny stamps (to pay cost of carriage) to COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., who will send "Wincarnis," free of charge.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

"*The Bystander*," 20-5-1908. .....

After free trial you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants, but not at Chemists or Grocers, except they hold wine licences. Beware of imitations.

**MISS SONES** writes, March 13, 1908, "Church Hostel," Bury St. Edmunds:—

"MISS SONES is pleased to testify to the excellence of 'Wincarnis' as a restorative, especially for exhaustion after Influenza. She has used it with good effect in the case of a young girl who was inclined to flag under the stress of close study."

Send Coupon for Free Bottle to COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

**Conspicuous for Comfort**

The evening's pleasures are doubled with the Luxurious Lanchester. It is the car for comfort—the car the fair sex fancies, for dainty gowns are never crushed nor evening attire disordered.

The Landau is big and roomy, the entrance wide, the step low and broad. The Lanchester runs quietly, softly, without jar or vibration.

Owners praise the Lanchester because the running cost is light, and repairs are seldom needed.

**Lanchester**

Write to-day for booklet, "The Story of the Lanchester," and Catalogue, illustrating the 4-cyl. and 6-cyl. types.

**The Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., B'ham**
MANCHESTER. 38 King Street West.
LONDON: 311 Oxford Street, W.

**Here it comes!**

The ever popular blancmange for childrens' meals and childrens' parties.

It is best when made with good sweet milk and Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour. This is the finest Corn Flour made. Do not therefore spoil it with inferior milk, and when making remember to boil for 10 minutes, always stirring. In this way the delicacy of flavour which is so distinctive of a Brown & Polson blancmange is brought to perfection.

But see that your Grocer always gives you

**Brown & Polson's**
"Patent" **Corn Flour**

**No 4711**

**EAU DE COLOGNE**
(Blue and Gold Label).

Adds just that dainty touch of smartness to a woman's toilet that only a pure, high-class perfume can give. But you must ask for the "4711," which is guaranteed absolutely pure.

*Extract from Analysis:*
"'4711 Eau de Cologne is of the best quality and absolutely pure."
Granville H. Sharpe, F.C.S.L., *Analyst.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
From **1/-** to **15/-** per Bottle.

220, REGENT STREET, W. BY APPOINTMENT 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W.

**MAPPIN & WEBB** INCORPORATED **MAPPIN BROS.**

THE NEW SEASON'S COLOURINGS
in Velvet Calf Leather Goods.

Rose du Barry. Claret Red. Shamrock Green.
Write for N 2 Booklet, post free.

MANCHESTER PARIS JOHANNESBURG

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C. **MAPPINS** THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

BIARRITZ NICE

# The Editor's Box

### Queen's Theatre

London had a warm welcome for *The Dairymaids*, which was revived recently at the Queen's Theatre. It is a merry piece, with captivating music, and has been brought up to date and largely altered. There are quite a number of new songs. Miss Phyllis Dare is a dainty Peggy. Miss Florence Smithson is seen now in the rôle of Winifred, the part originally played by Miss Agnes Fraser. Mr. Dan Rolyat, in his old character of the sailor, Joe Mivens, causes the house to rock with laughter. He is admirably supported in the comic element by Mr. E. Statham Staples, who plays Lieut. Sam Brudenell (the rôle previously undertaken in London by Mr. Walter Passmore). Mr. Staples has for some time been touring the provinces as "Sam," and has made a great success as a comedian. The scenery is excellent and the dresses pretty.

### The Paradise of the Pyrenees

Vernet-les-Bains, the "Paradise of the Pyrenees," is one of the beauty spots of the South of France. It is situated in a sheltered valley, screened from boisterous winds, with a wonderful record of sunshine all the year round. The atmosphere is clear and invigorating, as Vernet is 2,oooft. above the sea level. In this lovely valley an open-air life i quite *en règle*, for excursions of all sorts abound, and good tennis and croquet are also available. But for the invalid suffering from rheumatism, gout, or kindred ailments the effect of the renowned natural hot springs, together with the very dry air, is little short of miraculous. The baths are perfectly arranged and situated under the same roof as the hotel. Consequently they can be taken without the trouble of dressing, as there is communication on each corridor. There is little doubt that Vernet will soon be as full in the winter as it already is in the summer, as above and beyond all its natural beauties every variety of amusement is provided, and there is a handsome Casino.

### Bechstein Hall

A baritone who is the possessor of a voice of considerable merit gave a song recital last Wednesday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall, in the person of Mr. Robin Overleigh. His programme included Brahm's Four Serious Songs, some delightful old examples by Lully and Martini, besides several modern works. Mr. York Bowen, the pianist, who also contributed to the programme, gave, for the first time, a light and attractive "Arabesque" of his own.

### The Hospital for Sick Children

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has graciously consented to open, on some date in June to be fixed later, the new out-patient department which has been built for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, by Mr. W. W. Astor in memory of his late daughter. It is proposed after the opening ceremony, and on the following day, to hold a Sale of Work in the new out-patient department, to raise funds, first, for reducing the annual deficit of £5,000, and second, for extinguishing the debt of £15,000. Contributions, either in kind for the stalls at the sale, or in the form of subscriptions or donations to the funds, both of which should be addressed to the Secretary at the Hospital, are earnestly besought.

### A Real Filter at Last

"Doulton" is a name to conjure with whenever porcelain or earthenware is being discussed. Therefore, the production of a Doulton germ-proof filter is a matter of great interest. Professor Pasteur, the great bacteriologist, has proved that fine porcelain is capable of arresting the passage of micro-organisms, and for some time past one of the most efficacious filters known has been one on the porcelain tube system, known as the Pasteur-Chamberland. During the last year or so, Messrs. Doulton have endeavoured to evolve a British-made filter-tube, which should have all the excellent qualities of the French original, and, if possible, also excel it. From exhaustive experiments made with their improved mode by various medical experts, it appears that they have been eminently successful, for it has been proved that by its use a much greater volume of germ-free filtrate is obtainable in a given time than with the Pasteur model. The fullest particulars regarding these invaluable household requisites are obtainable from Messrs. Doulton, Lambeth, S.E. Many patterns of this filter are on sale, from the Household at 14*s.* 3*d.* to the Admiralty at 91*s.* 3*d.*

### Whitsun at Felixstowe

Whitsun will be merry at Felixstowe, to judge by the programme of events to take place during the holidays. The Ocean Yacht Race from Bremerhaven is timed to finish at Felixstowe Pier on Saturday, May 30. On June 1 and 2 will take place the Royal Harwich Yacht Club Regatta, and on June 3 and 4 will be held the Suffolk Agricultural Association's Show. Within easy reach is Ipswich, where the Annual Croquet Tournament will be held during the week June 1-6, while the Felixstowe Croquet Tournament follows from Whit-Tuesday, the 9th, to Saturday, the 13th. For these functions the place to stay is, of course, the Felix Hotel, where a Cinderella Ball is arranged for Tuesday evening, June 9.

### Poor Children's Boot Fund

The Merchant Taylors' Company have made a grant of ten guineas to the London Poor Children's Boot Fund, of 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, of which Lady St. Helier is President, and Sir John Kirk treasurer.

### A Deserved Diploma

Messrs. William Hollins and Co., Ltd., have just received a diploma for their excellent show of "Viyella" at the Irish International Exhibition at Dublin last year.


The only genuine "Harvey's Sauce."

LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE,

*Prepared from the original recipe of 100 years ago.*

*The* Sauce for FISH; also excellent with Game, Steaks, &c.

"PLASMON INCREASES THE FOOD VALUE ENORMOUSLY." *Lancet.*

PLASMON COCOA

10 TIMES MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN ORDINARY COCOA

DELICIOUS — DIGESTIBLE

IN TINS 9d 1/4 & 2/6